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WIRE MAGAZINE

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COVER: *Bheki*

Musken by Michael

Woolley, London 1987



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Rave!

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, will see the start of a new Jazz Night entitled RAVE at London's Astoria. Initiated by DJ Baz Fe Jazz (and due to run one Monday a month from now on), the first-night guests will be Sonido de Londres, the Jazz Defektors, Big Town Playboys, and Fortissimos' Roan the Man. Events will run from 10.00 pm-3 am, and Baz will be publicising his new LP *Jazz Dance* 2 on Charly.

Dexter Detained

SIXTY-FOUR-year-old Dexter Gordon for five hours upon his arrival at Charles de Gaulle airport on July 2. The actor-sax star told journalists he was held because of a drunk driving charge which dated back to 1967, kept for five hours and given only a nine-day visa. The star of *Round Midnight*, a glowing homage to the French public's love of jazz, was scheduled to embark on a three-week French tour.

Chantenay!

THIS YEAR it's the tenth anniversary of the delightful Chantenay Festival, one of Europe's most popular music-making occasions. Among the players this time: Mengelberg/Bennink, John Zorn, Bill Frisell, Elliott Sharp, The Recedents, Fred van Hove, Joelle Leandre and Blurr. It all happens on 26-30 August. Information: Chantenay Jazz Et Images, 1 Rue Des Tanneurs, 72430 Chantenay Villecheu (or phone 16 43 95 74 71).

NOS!

FOUR DAYS of new music at the NOS Festival in De Meevaart, Amsterdam, this month. The line-up includes: Phil Woods, Bob Brookmeyer (13 August); Third Kind Of Blues, Ed Blackwell Group (14); John Carter Octet, Paul Van Kemenade, Chris McGregor (15); Steve Lacy, David Murray Octet (16). Details: call 035 77 4117.

'S Cool Days

THIS YEAR'S Jazz Education Society Summer course takes place August 17-22 at North Westminster Community School. It offers tuition in improv skills, small groups and big band playing, rhythm section playing and arranging or compositional workshops. The course will be directed by Eddie Harvey; tuition fees are £75 (£55 for students or the unemployed). Further info and applications from Mary Greig, Jazz Education Society, 74c Elsham Rd, London W14 8HH (01-602-1329).

Back To Skool

THE EVER-POPULAR Community Music, at 1 Hoxton Sq, London N1 6NU announces the following summer schools: 25-26 July: Acoustic Guitar Improvisation at Community Music, 27-31 July: Voice, Percussion and Bands at Waltham Forest (Kids), 1-2 August: Brazilian Music with *Martica* at Community Music, 1-2 August: Voice at Waltham Forest, 3-7 August: Tune Up - Jazz for under 21s at Community Music, 8-9 August: Practical In-

tro to Jazz Theory (Howard Riley and Olaf Voss) at Community Music, 10 August: The Creative Portastudio at Community Music, 14-16 August: Improvisers Forum II at Community Music, 15-16 August: Search and Reflect at Waltham Forest, 17-21 August: Voice Festival at St Matthews Meeting Place, 17 August: The Creative Portastudio at Community Music, 18-19 August: Nothing But The Blues For Brass at Community Music, 20-21 August: Introduction to Multi and Home Recording at Community Music, 22-23 August: Nothing But The Blues for Brass at Community Music, 1-4 September: Search and Reflect at Community Music, 5-6 September: A Practical Introduction To Jazz Theory For Women at Community Music. Enquiries: Community Music 729-4415. Waltham Forest Workshops 521-7111, 27-31 July 520-5761.

Jazz Women

INTERESTED in British women's involvement in jazz? Jen Wilson of Swansea intends to build up a taped archive of memories, opinions and oral histories from musicians, singers, fans and secretaries. She will transcribe, analyse and store all material, with its eventual donation to a Women's Jazz Resource Centre as her ultimate goal. If you have memories, hopes or plans to contribute, sources of early influences or socio-historical anecdotes, please contact her at Women's Jazz Archive, 8 Chaddlesley Terrace, Mount Pleasant, Swansea, Glam SA1 6BH.

Edinburgh!

IN ITS NINTH successive year, the Edinburgh Jazz Festival will welcome an array of talents from Europe and America, as well as the UK - including pianist Jay McShann, saxophonist Bob Wilber, ex-Basic trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison, pianist Ralph Sutton, Texas tenor Buddy Tate, trumpeter Johnny Lerman, drummer Oliver Jackson, saxophonist Jim Galloway, trombonist Bootie Wood, saxophonist/clarinet player Benny Waters, guitarist Al Casey, string bassist Reggie Johnson, vocalist Lillian Boutt, trombonist Roy Williams, trumpeter Ken Colyer, drummer Jack Parnell, trombonist Bill Allred, guitarist Merton Taylor, saxophonist Tommy Smith, string bassist Dave Green, clarinet player Wally Fawkes, pianist Johnny Parker, vocalist Carol Kidd, guitarist Mike Peters, trumpeter Clive Wilson, trumpeter Colin Smith, saxophonist Danny Moss, Joanne Horron, horn sax player John Barnes, alto/clarinet man Bruce Turner, saxophonist Al Gay, sax/clarinet man Anatt Surpal, vocalist Melanie O'Reilly, pianist Alex Shaw, vocalist Fiona Duncan, and trumpeter Janusz Carmello. Bands include Acker Bilk's Paramount Jazz Band, the Tommy Chase Quartet, Humphrey Lyttelton's Jazz Band, the Dave Shepherd Quintet, the Sea Tracey Trio, Allotria Jazz Band, Monty Sunshine Jazz Band, Pizza Express All-Stars, Dry Throat Five Jazz Band, Kishband, Hot Antic Jazz Band, Clark Tracey Quintet, Keith Nichols Hor Six, Orphelia Ragtime Orchestra, John Altman Big Band, Groove Juice Special, the Tommy Samsen Big Band,

Yorkshire Post Jazz Band, Durham Youth Orchestra, Pro-wanka, and sixteen Scottish hands, as well as the Jiving Lindy-Hoppers Jazz Dance Ensemble. Further information and postal sales are from: The Jazz Festival Office, 116 Canongate, Edinburgh EH8 8DD. Tel: 031-557-1642/031-558-1548 Office hours: 10-5 pm, Monday-Friday.

Brecon!

IT'S EXISTED only three short years. But the Brecon Festival has created its own niche in the UK jazz fan's calendar. Brecon Jazz '87 stars Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra (the all-star ensemble dedicated to the music of oppressed people), the first UK visit from the Joe Henderson/Woody Shaw Quintet, and a concert of Duke Ellington's works to be given by Humphrey Lyttelton and vocalist Helen Shapiro. These will be augmented by Human Chain, the London Ragtime Orchestra, guitarist Fapy Lafertin, the Guest Stars, the Pasadena Roof Orchestra, Tommy Chase's Quartet, American trumpeter Bobby Shew with the Welsh Jazz Orchestra and the IDJ dancers with the Steve Williamson Quintet. There are also the numerous open-air and hotel sessions, which this year will include a wide range of visiting musicians; already engaged are Rod Mason and his Hot Five, American tenorman Nathan Davis, the Andy Sheppard Quartet, Bullitt, Terry Lightfoot's Band, Ken Hyder's Talasker, and Danny Moss with Jeanne Lambie. Admission to the latter is by Stroller's Ticket (available by weekend or day) and, a



Joe Henderson: Brecon debut

discount of 10% is available to National Jazz Card holders. Bookings and further information available from: Brecon Jazz '87, Festival Office, Watton Mount, Brecon, Powys LD3 7AW. (Tel: Brecon 0874 5557.)

Tubed

LOOSE TUBES are now slated to appear in the August Proms. They will play a late-night slot at the Albert Hall on August 30.

WOMAD (on jazz?)

THE 1987 World of Music Arts and Dance (WOMAD) Festival will present an international, all-star roster. On Saturday, August 29, headliners include the Real Sounds, Ruby Turner, the Oyster Band, Tango al Fur, Mississippi blues trio Flora Walton, Eleanor Ellis and Archie Edwards, Happy End, Toumani Diabete,

David Rudder and Charlie's Roots, Alzap, Fulchard Pundar, and Richard Thompson. On Sunday, August 30, Salf Keita, Black Scalin and the Roy Cape Calypso All-Stars, Michelle Shocked, the Bhundu Boys, and the Band of Holy Joy. Tickets are £20 for both days and £12 for Sunday only. Telephone bookings and further information: 072-681-4004. Postal bookings from the venue: Cornwall Coliseum, Carlyon Bay, St Austell, Cornwall.

From New York

DRUMMER BILL KYLL has engineered a three-week tour for a set of his New York pals (Joe Locke on electric vibes, Mitch Stein on guitar, Scot Tommy Smith on sax, and Alfred Buonanno on bass) under the group moniker New York Jazz. Dates include 22-23 Brecon Jazz Festival, 24-27 Edinburg Fringe (Buster Brown's), 28 Glasgow Gilles-

pie's, 30 Aberdeen Imperial, and 31 Nairn.

Your Wire: money

IT'S WITH much regret and wringing of hands that we have to announce - next month, *Wire* will cost more. Due to ever-spurring costs, we're obliged to put the cover price up to £1.40 - the first price increase in nearly three years. But we are holding subscription prices at the same level for the time being - so there's never been a better time to take out a sub!

Granted

JAZZ CENTRAL and the Musicians' Union take pleasure in announcing that the following bands have been awarded grants under the Regional Bands Scheme 1987: Sensitive Chaos, Underseth & Mills, Banana Republic, Zaz, Spectrum, Saxter, Tony Richards Quartet, No Quarter, Ben Parkinson Quintet, Midlands Music Cooperative, Zenith Hot Stompers, Jan Kupinski Quartet. The grants will allow these groups to offer themselves to promoters at a subsidised rate. The aim is to prod promoters into using the wealth of talent available, into taking chances with lesser-known groups, and into minimising financial risk for both sides. The scheme also offers a grant which allows bands to design and print publicity materials, in order to raise their profile. Anyone interested in either the bands or the Regional Bands Scheme is encouraged to contact Jazz Central at Guildhall Buildings, 29/30 Navigation Street, Birmingham B2 4BT. Tel: 021-632-4921.

Our Kind Of Music

SPEAKING TO CELLULOID'S MAITRE'D

IN MARKETPLACE TERMS, hip means hype. It means someone somewhere has beavered away – raising a profile, stoking curiosity, generating a buzz. Someone somewhere has talked up a blue streak, just like the gent across from me now with his Perrier and persuasive mode.

His name is Jean Karakos and he is a man who adores the moulding of hipitude. Music is meat and potatoes to him, with marketing the high point of serving up the meal. And, as founder/boss of Celluloid Records, it has to be said his menu is broad, English, African, Caribbean – and Yankee cooking homeboy-style.

Karakos' name – like his father – is Greek. But his career began with a chain of discount record stores serving university towns. By 1968, he had BYG – a label of his own.

"The music," he tells me, "was jazz, free jazz. I released over 60 albums: Sun Ra, Anthony Braxton, Archie Shepp. I also founded a magazine, *Artnd*. Then, in 1969, I set up this huge festival combining jazz and rock. The Art Ensemble and Pink Floyd, Ornette Coleman and Captain Beelheart; 80 bands over five days." It was the culmination of Karakos' role as multi-media mentor within the French avant-garde.

IT ALSO COST him every dime: by '75, he was bankrupt from paying off the consequent bills. "I struggled on for a year. Then, in '76, I founded Celluloid, by just releasing the records put out on Rough Trade.

"For me, England has never been more creative than the moment I walk into Rough Trade. Cabaret Voltaire, Sfriff Little Fingers, Throbbing Gristle; the start of the whole electronical thing! Before this, I felt that English showbusiness was very racist. But here was Rough Trade, promoting reggae acts."

Inspired by this new connection, Karakos became determined to rebuild his role in the music biz. And that struggle taught him his craft from the pressing plant on. "Now," he notes with obvious pride, "I've been to every record store in France! I've met the people in every store. That's what I had to do."

Then, in 1977, Karakos also met Bill Laswell – and had a conversation which altered his life. "I found we had really strong points in common. He's a radical, doesn't like bullshit, focuses on one thing at a time and not on 20 things. And he had most of my records in his collections; he respected my work. He noticed that, like for free jazz, my records had double jackets with full colour inside. He respected the fact I gave this music attention – full

presentation effort."

Karakos leans forward, sweeping back an iron-grey lock of hair. "He also told me America needed some people with energy, people who weren't just trying to make their million."

ENERGY REMAINS a favourite Karakos word. And that one conversation replayed in his head for years. Meanwhile, from '77–78, Celluloid cemented its image as eclectic, building a roster of artists like Fela Kuti, Mandingo, Manu Dibango, the Last Poets, Toure Kunda, Daniel Ponce and Foday Musa Suso. Until, in 1980, Karakos moved to New York. There he and Laswell decided to forge a label together.

"In France, I was a secondhand man – a little like being a grocer. Here I could be a participant, I can be in at the source. I knew it would be a difficult move, very tough and very long. But, when I get to New York, the first guy I meet is Laswell – and he proposed me a tape for free.

"He needs time to establish himself as a musician, as a producer. So I help him finance his operation and, in exchange, he is more than cool with us. He produces and never charges a penny; he gives us all this publishing to help us out."

The publishing – particularly Herbie Hancock's *Roku* – Karakos invested in marketing. "That's the key! For two years, I put all the money from *Roku* into my staff of ten people, who've done nothing but research the market. In America, the only way to exist doing non-Top 40 is to control your own marketing, to deal directly with the store. For our music, radio airplay is hard to get – in fact, it takes a few years. The only way to be visible is to be visible in the stores."

AS HE HAS BUILT visibility, Karakos has also ensured variety. And Celluloid has flowered into numerous subsidiaries of its own. There's OAO ("for Laswell's progressive taste"), Moving Target, Mercenary and CBGBs. "I want to release many more records," Jean Karakos explains. "Records which are important, maybe not in what they bring to the music as much as for their ideas. Or important in terms of energy, topicality."

Karakos views his catalogue as a living resource. "I've never deleted an album in my life! I've never sold a cut-out one record! And not only that – not only that!" A grin nearly splits his weathered face. "All my records in the past are selling more now than in their issue year. Every record, every record I put out."

Which goes to the heart of the Celluloid gospel: music as a witness of its time. "For me," Jean Karakos maintains, "if music is not part of the social currency, it means nothing. Also, for my taste, music has to be strong. Not that it has to be serious – but it must have a reason to exist."

CYNTHIA ROSE

Robert Mugge

THIS ONE'S FOR REEL

WE'RE FORTUNATE to have a man with the slightly mad dedication of Robert Mugge. Bob is a very rare creature: a man who wants to make films about music and musicians, especially musicians who rate a much wider acclaim than they receive. We are not talking about major box office attractions here.

"I'm not so much intimidated as *in awe* of certain of my subjects, and Sonny was one of those." Bob is talking about *Saxophone Colossus*, his loving and much-admired film about Sonny Rollins — shown at last year's London Film Festival, about to be shown on Channel 4 at the time this will hit print, and also released on video. It's an exciting, energetic portrait of the master saxophonist, and one which — most importantly — lets the musician, rather than the film-maker, come through. The hallmark of Mugge's films is their unselfish way of focusing on their subject. The long musical sequences in *Saxophone Colossus* — including concerts in New York and Japan — tell more about Rollins than any pontifical analysis. Did he think that the private Sonny — at best an enigmatic figure, at times an impenetrable one — was caught by the movie?

"Yes and no. There were certain things about that I know he wasn't sharing with us. If you look at the film, you'll notice his saxophone looks kind of dull in the Japanese sequences and glowing in the Socrates, New York ones. That's because it was lacquered in the meantime, and he was scared to death that the sound would be different. And it *was* different. He said, 'It's as if you're going to play a consonant and a vowel comes out.' But I only knew that because his wife Lucille told me."

Bob encountered some interesting situations in the course of filming. Like trying to film the 100-piece orchestra used for Sonny's saxophone concerto in Japan with *two* cameras — and having to fight for the camera positions they received. Or having Sonny ask him not to use the bizarre sequence where Rollins is on his back (with a broken foot!) at the New York gig and is still playing a beautiful "Autumn Nocturne" — because the bassist and pianist are playing the wrong changes on the tune.

ALL IN A DAY'S work for the affable, smiling Chicagoan whose business is making films about figures as diverse as Sun Ra, Gil Scott-Heron and Ruben Blades. After an abortive stay at film school in the early 70s, Mugge made two short pictures — one on composer George Crumb, the other on Mayor Frank Rizzo. Then came his great labour of love, a film portrait of Sun Ra, *A Joyful*

Noise, which took three years and left him utterly broke.

It did, nevertheless, make a number of waves. The film turned up at the 1981 London Film Festival and pioneer C4 buyer Andy Park snapped it up (in the heady early days of that enterprise). Since then, Mugge has made more music films and made plenty more friends in London and with C4. His films on Gil Scott-Heron and Reggae Sunsplash (the latter "a nightmare" to make) received more acclaim at the LFF, and two excellent profiles of Al Green and Ruben Blades have both been seen on our television.

"I pick someone like Ruben Blades," explained Bob, "because I can say something about America that way. And he has a fascinating story to tell. And it was a genre of music I hadn't worked in before. So was Al Green — what a story! Born again at Disneyland, on top of having one of the greatest voices in the



Bob Mugge in London

CONLEY JAY

world! With Sonny, I really wanted to do a film about improvising. All these films are about music that I wanted to learn more about."

Bob is always full of ideas. He'd like to do films about aboriginal music, rhythm and blues, Carla Bley. A film on country singer George Jones has fallen through, as has one on New Orleans music. But now he's at work on a picture about native Hawaiian music, a programme for PBS on musicians who entertained the troops in World War II, and — hopefully — a film version of Peter Guralnick's *Sweet Soul Music*.

Give this man a few million dollars and let him get on with it. (*Saxophone Colossus* goes out on C4 on 28 July. It's released here on video shortly. The soundtrack album, *Sonny Rollins - G-Man*, is out now on Fantasy Records.)

RICHARD COOK

The Sound Of Africa

PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS, PROBLEMS. Who plays clarinet, and lives in a shell? Acker Bhelk! That's a joke. To cheer you up. I'm fed up, me, with Moroccan Kings who cancel important festivals because of bad baccalaureat results, for example, and put a hefty damper on their country's hopes of becoming a transnational cultural centre. Or else Zairean presidents who ring up their pet pop-stars at the last minute: "There's a party round my place Friday, Franco, so drop everything, because you're the disco . . ." Pah. The organisers — who are fuming — think people ought to phone the relevant embassies, just to find out what they have to say. You could ask: "How is Mark Sinker going to maintain his high reputation if all the facts in his column are found to be false?"

Problems, problems, problems. **SALIF KEITA** seems to have solved his at last: he should be over in late August, courtesy WOMAO, with an LP, *Son*, on Sterns to kick the door open. His first British release, in fact, and his first record world-wide for three or four years.

YOUSOU N'DOUR's profile is high this year, again. There's an LP on Celluloid France, *Djamil Inedit* 84-85, which gathers cuts recorded between *Immigres* and *Nelson Mandela*. Rough Trade have licensed a limited number of copies of *Immigres* and *Inedit* from Celluloid, so you may be able to track those down. Whether he'll be back for a tour of his own when his Warners LP surfaces remains to be seen.

Same with **ALPHA BLONNY**, I'm afraid. An interested party said: "If he won't come over except with his wife and family and friends, all to stay at the Hilton, then no way. It can't be done. If it's just him, and he sleeps on my floor . . ."



KENNY ST GEORGE, mainman of Afro-London band *Ozo*, has set up a label, Mother Africa, through Probe distribution (051 236 6591): the first two releases are *UWANDILE'S Apartheid* (Uwandile is an SA exile living presently in Nigeria) and an SA compilation *Spirits Of Africa Vol. 1* (this series is projected somewhat ambitiously, utterly admirably, to run through ten volumes).

Problems, problems, problems. LPs that haven't reached me in time for me to know what to make of them. Franco's back pages, collected together by Retro-Afric. **SIPHO MANUSE**'s Virgin LP. **THE BHUNOU BOYS'** farewell DiscAfrique release. I should be able to give you some titles, but no one even answers my phone any more.

MARK SINKER

*

Round Up The Usual Suspects

CAN YOU DIG this, an archaeology of sound? Just as there's more people beneath the earth than above it, their decomposed bodies nourishing the soil upon which the living subsist, so too remain hidden somewhere in the ether or the dirt all the noise that ever was, feeding into the music of the moment. "There's a reason for everything that's ever been, right," proclaims the sleeve note to **LEE RANALDO'S** *From Here To Infinity*, "today we look up and can see. Some singular moment comes close to going round again . . ." Which is to say the Sonic Youth guitarist has spent his holidays excavating buried sounds. These he has compressed into nuggets of noise and cut into 13 locked grooves that elicit various emotional responses depending on the memories they trigger. Though to



get one groove to the next is literally an uphill struggle — a miscued arm slides back into the preceding track — each serves as a valuable source for future recycling or as a listening experience in itself. Some inexplicably affecting, others ticklish funny — how we laughed when our stylus got mangled in the Savage Pencil engraving concealed in the record's play-out zone.

What with its transparent vinyl, locked grooves and engraving, *From Here . . .* makes great play with the limited form of the 12". A different approach to transcending its flat dimensions comes from **THE PRODUKT KORPS** organisation, whose *Project One* crosswires word, sound and image in the hope of bringing to life some inter-disciplinary beast. It looks

great, but its sum is undone by the inadequacy of some of its parts. Having scored a considerable coup with a sneak preview reading of KATHY ACKER's forthcoming erotic adventure novel *Empire Of The Senses*, the compilers bring their



judgement into question with printed and spoken contributions from loopy, if likeable conspiracy spinner ROBERT ANTON WILSON. Elsewhere the looped and manically spinning noises of Boyd "NON" Rice and the masterdrumming of Z'ev illustrate just how far behind more academically oriented electronic composers have fallen. Where those patrolling the margins of popular culture still interact with a public, others, who lock themselves away in government supported institutions of learning far removed from reality, blithely repeat already proven experiments in the self-insulating impact of to much contemporary composition. Two pieces here serve up a useful contrast. Academe ANDREW LEWIS submits a dull nine minute thesis in vari-speed recording techniques, while a half-way good post industrial unit like NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS work similar materials into a mood piece that effectively draws the listener out of his time and into their own.

Before leaving the subject of archaeology behind, here's a few valuable excavations from British label Fundamental to close: "Public Flipper Limited" and "Gone Fishing" from Californian hardcore group FLIPPER, now sadly defunct, who crawled bass endrangles of music not so far removed from the recent Laswell/Brötzmann project. And the same label is finally making available in the UK the excellent Long March ballads of the severely minimal SAVAGE REPUBLIC, bloodied footsteps traced in the "Tragic Figures" and "Ceremonial" releases.

BIDA KOPF

*

To The Beat Of A Club

A HOTBED OF competition, differing views and opinions, characterises the current jazz dance and club scene,

but all the jocks are united in one aim, to create a large, young audience hip to this thing called jazz.

The Town & Country, Saturday night and the joint is steaming. TOMMY CHASE, as vocal and fierce as ever, left the stage amid rapturous applause after his young combo had wooed the 1,500-strong crowd with a barrage of hard bop and bapiste beat licks. The clientele at this Radio London Jazz Bop are more akin to a huge Club 18-30 holiday posse than the slick-suited hard bop aesthetes once associated with Paul Murphy's heyday. GILLES PETERSON is ecstatic and when Californian RICHIE COLE stepped onstage clurching his alto and proceeded to tear through versions of "Jennine", "Spanish Harlem", "Flying Down To Rio", Parker's "Ladybird" and "High Flyin'" the crowd response was totally enthusiastic. Free blowin', scat vocals . . . one ballad featuring Cole in an ET mask!! . . . the audience took it all in their stride.

The mafia of GILLES, SYLVESTER, Bob Jones and Chris Bangs have taken over the Monday night at the Wag as BAZ FE JAZZ moves the Jazz Room to Legends, each and every Wednesday, 10 till 2, admission £4. No groups, strictly a hot vinyl selection. After the resounding success of the Jazz Cruises, Baz has already secured further trips down the Thames with live sets from PLAN B and SONIDO DE LONORES.

August 1st will find Baz joining forces with ROAN "THE MAN" of Fortissimo fame (early and late sessions at Whispers, Thursdays and Saturdays) whose selections of jive'n swing have won him a solid following. The event, a Saturday Night Fish Fry, is to celebrate the wedding of jazz jock ANOY McCONNELL and the venue is AAA, the Basement, Shelton St, Covent Garden.



A hot new Friday night session, Dance Con Jazz, at Gazebo's Wine Bar in Argyll St (Oxford Circus Tube) will feature Baz Fe Jazz downstairs while Brighton Jazz Room DJ RUSS DEWBURY will share the turntables with ALLY EWING who's renowned for his Brazilian cuts. From 10 till 2 am, admission is £5. Russ maintains there will be no funk creeping into their set, it's a return to the values of Murder One, a strict jazz dance session, dress sharp! His Saturday night session at

Brighton's Churchill Palace Hotel has been booming for the past four months. Check it out. Rumour has it that a similar scene is bubbling in Cambridge.

Ronnie Scott's is getting hip by employing DJ DAVE HUCKER to run his inimitable pot poutri of Latin, African, Zouk and a dose of jazz in their upstairs clubroom, now renamed The Tango. Casual attendance will cost you £8 entry but for those looking for a new Soho hangout you'll pay £30 annual membership and subsequently pay £2 per session (Mon-Thurs). Membership gives you access to the downstairs club and whichever name jazzbos are onstage. Good to have the man back in the West End.



Up in Manchester COLIN CURTIS' session at the Asylum is still swinging and the main even on his calendar is a weekend scheduled for the 24/25th October (plenty of advance notice) in Berwick. Limited to 1,000 people it's an event strictly for music lovers with "No Punch and Judy DJs". It'll feature mostly DJs from Scotland and the North East and the weekend radio station will feature 40% jazz.

What's happening in the Midlands . . . let's have a little feedback. Whaddya say?

PAUL BRADSHAW

*

THIS MONTH'S HARD CHART

- 1 McCann - Les McCann (McCann, Pacific Jazz)
- 2 Bossa - Paul Winter Quartet (Bossa Nova Quartet, CBS)
- 3 Bazimbau - Sonny Cux (Waller, Cadet)
- 4 Sclun - Johnny Lytle (New & Groovy, Tubal)
- 5 Please Don't Leave - Sahib Shihab (Summer Down, Chess)
- 6 Tito Inn - Tito Puente (Parade, RCA)
- 7 Possum Head - Lou Donaldson (Possum Head, Argo)
- 8 Braziliano - Bunky Green (Playing For Kops, Cadet)
- 9 Mr Kicks - L.B. Young (L.B. Young & Co, Argo)
- 10 Big John Grady - Johnny Lytle (Got That Feeling, Riverside)

COLIN CURTIS

"Blues"

ALL RIGHT IN THE NIGHT

A S F E D Y Chicago hotel provides the setting for *Blues In The Night*, an award-winning piece of scripted American cabaret which continues the recent Donmar Warehouse shift towards entertainment Broadway-style. This pleasingly-structured piece however, pretends to nothing it can't serve up - unlike *Lady Day*, Dee Dee Bridgwater's long-running, tazzmatazz version of Billie Holiday's life.

Blues splits a series of Bessie Smith standards (peppered with evergreen show tunes) between a cast of four archetypes: a femme fatale, an aging chanteuse, an ingenue and a saloon singer. (What the characters share is their housing; the focus shifts from "room" to "room"). The last-mentioned - the show's sole male role - offers an elegant turn for versatile Clarke Peters, just out of the West End run of James Baldwin's *The Amen Corner*.

But it's American actress Carol Woods, as a raunchily fatalistic singer, who really walks off with the show. Woods makes especial hay of the program's sharpest double-entendres (numbers such as "Kitchen Man" and "It Makes My Love Come Down"). As an exotic woman of the world, British film vet Debby Bishop is stylish and competent; only the husky-voiced, blonde Maria Friedman seems somewhat out of her depth.

What might have ended up lapsing into MOR schlock - rote sentimentality eliciting rote responses - has been smartly staged by Steve Whitley (original direction was by the show's auteur, Sheldon Epps). A stream-of-consciousness meditation upon night, loneliness and fate, it begins robustly, full of sass and bravado. But as each singer skillfully personalises "his" or "her" songs (dialogue consists only of the musical focus passing from one character's room to another), intimations of character and situation evolve.

Of course these remain mere suggestions and outlines; the show's real pleasure lies in the shape and wit of the songs themselves. But *Blues* does one thing successfully: by centring on not one, but three, female characters and taking its musical cues from Bessie Smith, it manages to evade much of that sexual misogyny so basic to the blues form. Nor is its accomplishment confined to 12-bar format; the women's joint rendition of "No One Knows You When You're Down And Out", late in the second act, adds a trenchant feminist gleam to that song's devastating edge.

The tight professionalism of *Blues In The Night* is altogether commendable, not least as a reminder of more halcyon days on the capital's musical stage.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Club Dates

WHERE IT'S AT THIS MONTH

BATH Bell (1st) Paul Reynolds, Ian Ellis Quartet	TORQUAY Crown & Sceptre, St Marychurch (12th) Roy East Quintet (31st) Charlie Earnshaw Quartet	HULL The Bard's Nest, Hedon Rd (1st) Martin Taylor and Tony Lee (8th) Humphrey Lyttelton Band	PURCELL ROOMS South Bank (6-8th) Michelle Shocked (24th) Azimuth with Human Chain (25th) Peter King Quartet, Dave Higgins Quintet (26th) Steve Williamson Quintet with Mervyn Africa (27th) First House with Evan Parker (28th) Itchy Fingers, Julian Arguelles, Simon Purcell Group (29th) Stan Tracey with Roy Babbington and Guy Barker
The Ram (2nd) Riverside Jazzmen (9th) Bath City Jazzmen (16th) Riverside Jazzmen (17th) Farmhouse Five (30th) Severn Jazzmen (31st) Riverside Jazzmen	DORCHESTER The Antelope, South Street (4th, 18th) The Sunset Cafe Stompers	Piper Club , Newland Ave (26th) Tony Compton HINKLEY Greyhound Inn (6th) Fearless Hiss and Boo Band (13th) Jazz Envoys (20th) Boneyard (27th) Andrew Stanton Band WAVENDON The Stables (28th) Don Rendall, George Chisholm, Norma Winstone, Dave De Fries	QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL South Bank (9th, 17th) Edith Sirwell's 'Facade' GREENWICH William IV (1st) Fourtaste Jazz Quartet
BRISTOL Albert Inn, West Street (23rd) Terry Drummond, Grapevine The Old Duke, Kang Street (1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd) Bath City Jazzmen (3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th) Blue Notes (4th, 11th, 18th, 25th) Alice's Wonderland Band of Swing (7th, 14th, 21st, 28th) New Chicagoans	CHELTENHAM Gas, St James Square (4th) Humphrey Lyttelton TAUNTON Anchor Inn, Hillfarrance (9th) Denny Blackmore, Tone Valley Jazzmen (23rd) Panama Jazz Kings Brewhouse Theatre, Coal Orchard (21st) Pete Allen Jazz Band SHEFFIELD Red Deer, Pitt Street (30th) Feet First SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms, St Mary's St (4th, 11th, 18th, 25th) Southampton Jazz Society	BUTTERMARKET (1st) Spectrum (7th) Eric Hill with John Hoerler Trio (13th) Clark Tracey Quartet EDINBURGH Music Hall, Assembly Rooms, 54 George St (7-15th) The Real Sounds of Africa (19th, 20th) Carmel (26-29th) Michelle Shocked (27-29th) Sweet Honey In The Rock	TABERNACLE Powis Square W11 (1st) Steve Williamson Quintet (8th) Tim Whitehead JAZZ CAFE 56 Newington Green (2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd) Dick Heckstall-Smith, Alfred Bannerman (4th, 11th, 18th, 25th) Rin Tin Tin (16th, 23rd, 30th) Jim Mullen, Mike Carr
CLIFTON Bangles Jazz Cellar (4th, 7th, 11th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 25th, 28th) Frank Evans Trio	LEEDS Coconut Grove, Lower Merrion St (5th) Fiasco (12th) Will Gaines CAMBRIDGE Cambridge Arms, King Street (11th) Tim Phillips' Jumpin' Jazzmen Crown and Cushion, Great Gransden (5th) John Slaughter Blues Band (12th) Tim Phillips' Jumpin' Jazzmen (19th) Firing On Three (26th) John Slaughter Blues Band Moonshine Rhythm Club, Man On The Moon (10th) Pete Allen's Jazz Band (24th) Dave Barrett's Jazz Band	LONDON BARBICAN Terrace Foyer (2nd) Harry Strutters Hot Rhythm Orchestra (9th) Jazz Train (16th) Spirit Level (22nd) Taxi Pata Pata (30th) Harry Pitch's Rhythm'n'Reeds BARBICAN HALL (28-29th) Preservation Hall Jazz Band BRENTFORD Wacemans Art Centre (9th) Goodbye Pork Pie Hat (18th) Chris Ingham Trio (20th) Dutch Kitchen Bounce (27th) Chris Ingham Trio	BASS CREEP Hoxton Square (5th) Moire Music (6th) Jazz Train II (9th) Iain Ballamy's Iains (12-13th) Nathan Davis (16th) Mike Carr & Jean Toussaint (19th) Bobby Shew (20th) Alan Barnes Quartet (23rd) Blind Alley (26th) Errol Clarke (27th) Spain
ST AUUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum (8th) Swingin' On Tenth Avenue, Georgie Fame & Keith Smith with Hefty Jazz	CHARSTOCK George Inn (9th) Panama Jazz Kings EXETER Barts Tavern, Bartholomew Street West (13th) Blues Club (27th) Blues Club EXETER Exeter and Devon Arts Centre, Gandy Street (4th, 11th, 18th, 25th) Kathy Stobart HATHERLEIGH George Hotel (29th) Ploughboy Jazz PLYMOUTH Mayflower Sailing Club, Barbican (9th) Armada Jazz Band with Pete Allen		

HORACE SILVER

Blowin' The Blues Back In



PAUL BRADSHAW on the scene with the master of funky piano

OUTSIDE THE SIGN said Standing Room Only, inside a vocal rendition of "Senor Blues" rocked the house and the figure hunched over the piano was a dead ringer for the pen-and-ink portrait that graced the cover of *Blowing The Blues Away*. As part of a European tour Horace Silver was in town for a short residency at Scott's Frith St niterie. Between sets you'd catch him signing albums and rapping with a stream of young enthusiasts, oblivious to the fact that his records, with his own combus or with the Jazz Messengers, are a cornerstone of the jazz dance scene here.

After 28 years and 38 albums with Blue Note records Horace moved to LA and for the past five years he's devoted his energies to establishing his Saveto label. A slight, soft-spoken, gentle man, Silver exudes a quiet but emphatic enthusiasm and love for the music that he's devoted his life to playing. It made me wonder what he was like as a hungry, adventurous 23-year-old who'd just left Stan Getz's band to team up with Art Blakey and form the Jazz Messengers.

"I was one of the original Messengers and we were all young," maintained Silver. "Art was the oldest, Kenny Durham the second oldest and Doug Watkins and myself were the babies in the band. Dorado Byrd came into the

band when Kenny left and he was very young."

The Messengers' mission was not to forge a radical direction for the music, they simply wanted to work together and be successful, and while the energy and enthusiasm leaps from the grooves of sessions like *The Jazz Messengers At The Cafe Bohemia* jobs were surprisingly few and far between as the New York scene was dominated by a particular clique of musicians.

So what makes Horace Silver so special? When I suggested that he was largely responsible for that genre of the music tagged "Soul Jazz" he burst out laughing.

"Are you telling me or asking me? I might agree with you if you say it, but I don't like to toot my own horn. Let's say I brought some fundamental elements back into jazz which had been missing at the time. Jazz was getting so hip with the bebop . . . which was great, but some of the fundamental funk elements of the blues and gospel were missing so I kinda brought them back into the music. As a result some of my records became successful and people began to jump on the bandwagon and play that kind of music too. It was still jazz . . . good jazz, but it had a little beat and some kind of melody that people could relate to and even dance to."

AND DANCE THE people did. While most of the clubs Silver played were listening clubs, Blue Note had the foresight to life the more commercial or funky tunes from his LPs, like "Senor Blues", "Home Cookin'", "Filthy McNasty", "Sister Sadie", "C'mon Home" and "Song For My Father", and get them on to the nation's jukeboxes and into the bars. Was it a shock getting a single into the *Billboard* charts?

"No, in those days I think jazz had a little better shot than today precisely because they would take a jazz tune and put it on the jukebox where it had more potential for people hearing it. Also because they had that danceable thing it maybe meant more cover records. In order for a jazz musician to get a record lifted from an album today it would damn near have to be rock'n'roll or fusion. My stuff had that funky danceable element but it was not fusion, it was pure jazz. I never got *way up* in the charts, but I got *in* the charts which was good for a jazz record."

Even the Godfather, James Brown, cut versions of two of Blue Note's biggest hits, Lee Morgan's "Sidewinder" and Horace Silver's "Song For My Father". Horace certainly sees himself as part of a black American musical tradition that encompasses a complete range of musics. His choice of musicians, like Junior Cook and Blue Mitchell who had both played with rock'n'roll and R&B groups, was integral to the soulful sound he achieved.

"As a teenager I collected lots of different records," stressed Horace. "Blues singers, big bands . . . Erskine Hawkins, Basie and Duke, and I was a great Jimmie Lunceford fan, he was my favourite and I had damn near everything he put out. As a teenager I loved Louis Jordan, I bought all his records . . . 'I Used To Move On The Outskirts Of Town', 'Knock Me A Kiss'. I was into the small-group thing too, Coleman Hawkins, Pres, Bud Powell, Dizzy and Bird . . . I listened to all kinds of jazz – and as you know, I'm really fond of gospel and Latin music."

At the instigation of Sergio Mendes, Horace ventured to Rio in the early 60s to get a taste of the samba schools first hand and take in the spectacle of Carnival. He cites Tito Puente as "baad" and regards fellow sessioneer (and one-time neighbour from the Bronx) Ray Barreto as both a friend and a great artist.

While Coleman Hawkins, Bechet, Bird and Co travelled to Europe, Silver's generation were the first to travel even further afield. He agreed that if you were observant and open-minded you were bound to be influenced by what you'd experienced. The music of the 60s *avant garde* was tinged with Eastern and mystical influences and I was curious to discern whether he felt his generation of straight-ahead players had been historically eclipsed by that militant tide.

"I kinda disagree with that. There were a certain amount of people who were in tune with *avant garde*, and others

were tuned into more the inside type of players like Hank Mobley. I don't really see the *avant garde* as eclipsing what came before it, it came in and made its mark and it's a very valid and beautiful part of our jazz culture today.

"I don't think the *avant garde* came in with the same thrust as bebop, which was the strongest form of jazz to come in since dixieland. The swing era was strong but not compared with bop, the elements of which are still around and people are still using. There is so much to bebop. You couldn't be no mediocre musician and play it. You might play *at* it, but to play it good you had to be an excellent musician."

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS with Blue Note was a long time but the records Silver cut in the late 60s and early 70s don't really feature in my list of Silver classics. He was constantly experimenting with different formats and his goal is still constantly to stretch out and play music that will stand the test of time. This spirit pervades his output on the Saveto label which includes straight-ahead jazz, a commissioned suite in honour of Duke Ellington performed with the 40-piece Los Angeles string orchestra, and tributes to jazzmen like Scott Joplin and W.C. Handy.

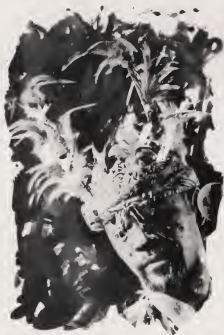
First and foremost Silver's music is for entertainment, but he insists it is also for "upliftment, enlightenment and healing". "Holistic, metaphysical music" might sound like some weird shit to you but what I heard at Ronnie Scott's was straight-ahead Silver with some soulful vocals.

One thing's for sure, Silver is determined to contribute to keeping the jazz tradition alive and buzzing and he was both surprised and enthusiastic that there is a new generation of fiery young talent emerging here. Painfully aware that playing jazz is not the easiest way to make a name as a musician nor the quickest way to make a buck, he maintains you just have to hang on in there.

"You have to be dedicated to be a jazz musician, love the music with your heart and soul, sacrifice your life for it, like those great musicians in the past did. What guys like Louis Armstrong and Coleman Hawkins and people like that must have gone through to play jazz was terrible. They dedicated their lives to the music and became masters and giants as a result. We need more of that kind of people in jazz today.

"The last ten years or so, a lot of youthful musicians have chosen to go in a more commercial direction of fusion or rock'n'roll and I'm glad to hear about those young musicians here, that's very encouraging. Wynton Marsalis, I take my hat off to him, God bless him, he's been very good for our music. He's an excellent musician and always stands up for the music in speech, whether he's interviewed on the radio or in magazines. He always speaks out for the music and for the ones who've gone before him. To keep the music alive we need more young men like that."

Enough said!

*Joseph Jarman of the AEC*

NICK WHITE

Art Ensemble Of Chicago

LEEDS
ASTORIA

THERE'S A sense of anticipation in this old ballroom

I've not known since I went to rock gigs. But we all know AEC are special. This is their only gig outside London and people have travelled miles to be here.

They come on to a terrific reception. They make ready, then face Leeds city centre,

stilling the noise, quieting the spirits. And start with a doo-wop tune of the kind Bowie's so taken with. It's familiar but I can't name it - which happens a lot tonight in a set replete with allusions. Roscoe Mitchell takes the first solo

but, by the time he's done, the doo-wop has metamorphosed into delicate percussion. The start of a passage of unforgettable beauty.

With Jarman sampling, the others on numerous bells, crotales etc, a tinkling world is set up for Bowie's skittering trumpet. And I begin to appreciate how, more than any other band I've heard live, theirs really is an ensemble where everyone makes the sound happen rather than just soloing or backing. It's even more pointed in the subtle shift that lowers us into the deeper sonorous fathoms of massed gongs. Bowie stops to allow a pattern to take shape then adds some breathy effects. Jarman's keyboard and whirling-gig bring in a little light, then Mitchell moves in on flue and lifts us right out of that delightful murk. Bass and horn add drones and activity becomes more frantic then, at a whistle, slips into tempo with Favours more than hinting at "A Night in Tunisia". The saxen riff, Bowie leads, Moye's playing becomes increasingly animated.

When Jarman takes his first solo of the evening Bowie and Moye are there, interlocking comment and encouragement. That support continues through a string of solos until Mitchell's alto is drowned by

the bass breaking suddenly free and everyone else going with him. But Mitchell is still there when they come back, shortly after, tilling the ground for Moye to keep the spirit running on his own. The drummer changes the feel, slows it but keeping the power, and the others begin to join in on an array of drums. When he leaves the kit to join them we're into a tightly fixed piece of assertive ensemble drumming. Moye in charge of unison patterns which, at a roll from him, double up and end.

That took exactly an hour and, after the deeply felt applause nothing they played in the remaining half hour was as good. Not that the music wasn't still excellent, though a tumultuous passage that went nowhere very much was tiring for everyone, but they couldn't quite match the intimacy, intensity and breadth of that first piece.

But all the music, both sublime and marred, helped make something utterly concrete out of their philosophical concerns. So it was perhaps fitting that when they came back on to acknowledge our fervour, Joseph Jarman should say, in lieu of an encore: "We're very fortunate to have this spirit within us and you're very fortunate to have it within

you. Tomorrow we have to get up at five am to fly to Yugoslavia. Thanks to the energy you've given us tonight, we'll be able to share the spirit with them." If that reads like bullshit in the black light of print, it made a lot of connections on the night.

STEVE LEWIS

•

Ian Carr's Nucleus

LEEDS
TRADES CLUB

NUCLEUS ARE a tight, serious combo who punch out a deeply unfashionable jazz-rock with conviction and no apology. Phil Todd — on various saxophones — is skilled and intelligent, whipping up the best solos. The high point of the night was during his "Pandemonium", a considered, fencious duet with John Marshall, whose clean, hard, levelheaded drumming is fundamental to the group's sound. Leader Ian Carr only really came alive on one blues, dogged as he is by a tendency not to show off enough, to go through the correct motions, try something reminiscent of a classic solo (by someone else)

and then fluff it. On guitar Mark Wood either used the synth to produce impressionist soundscapes — echoing tunnels of desolate scrapings and humming chords — or sophisticated, coherent blues solos full of Eric Gale clichés. Bassist Dill Katz at least seemed to be enjoying himself, banging out the sort of wholesome electric bass made popular by Jack Bruce with Cream. It's extraordinary that what sounded so heavy back in 1969 now seems appropriate for Ian Carr's format, rather tidy jazz. Something's changed.

After Larry Graham, Bootsy Collins, Robbie Shakespeare, Doug Wimbush all is not the same. The funk moves on. The shimmering, purple cauldron that was Nucleus in the early 70s now sounds like slightly laughable sections of "progressive rock" and Carr's more usual pastoralism "Open Country", with its horrible Tudor twiddles, is the tune for *Daily Telegraph* "green England" commercials.

Carr bites off more than he can chew: a tribute to Miles played on muted trumpet ("Miles & Miles") is asking for it. In comparison, George Russell's tribute — a Miles solo arranged for the big band he formed here — seems more

grown-up, more musical (he also found a bass player who can do the modern Davis cold-sweat funk). When Carr told us with evident pride that they'd just played "Something For Mr Jelly Loed" in 7/4, and that Jelly Roll Morton would probably be turning in his grave, I had to laugh at this notion that importing "difficulty" adds musical interest (as if rhythms from the New Orleans/Caribbean axis don't have historical weight). John Marshall's ten-minute drum solo might have been in 32/11 but it was still boring as hell — it was a two-dimensional bash-it-out demonstration, no suggestion of multi-levels of activity, no contradiction, no wit.

In a post-Nucleus age it's become clear that the elements Nucleus claim to fuse — jazz and rock — are not as irreducibly stable as they think. Whereas the best 80s music has concentrated on *fissura* (fragmentation and irony), Nucleus' fusion sounds like a lump congealed at the date when jazz spelt "inherent" and rock "excitement" (a half-baked polarity in the first place). I'm afraid to say that neither were much in evidence tonight.

BEN WATSON

Partners

PRESTON
LABOUR CLUB

THE NAME suggested permutations of the quartet would be exploited *à la Bob And Carol And Ted And Alice*. Drummerless but with the resources of pianist Jasper van't Hof to draw on, as well as Tracy's bass, George Haslam's baritone and Charlie Mariano's alto, an evening replete with promise seemed in prospect. In the event a potentially disappointing gig was made memorable by some stunning individual performances.

They began with Bill Evans' "Interplay", the first of several pretty tunes which suited Mariano perfectly. This was the first time I'd seen the former Mingus sideman and I was more than impressed. From the start of his very first solo, he meant it. There was no question of warming up — he played as if he hadn't been allowed to for weeks and was just dying to get down and blow. Haslam was workmanlike by comparison, some nice

touches not helped by a poor PA which muddled most bass sounds. Van't Hof seemed disturbed at this early stage by a not exactly top-grade piano and the hubbub half the audience were making. When the number ended he took his jacket and walked off. It looked as though Mariano was hurrying after to avert a disaster, but no — it was the first duo. Tracy and Haslam, quite a longstanding partnership in fact but on this occasion not that inspired: George resorting too often to what sounded like "Flight Of The Bumble Bee" and Tracy being rather unimaginatively solid.

Van't Hof and Mariano's duet which followed was a different proposition. Mariano turned a slow motif first soulful and plaintive then abused and angry, his playing unashamedly emotional. When he stopped, van't Hof, who'd comped rather than interplayed, came into his own, playing louder and with more than an echo of Mariano's trenchant energy.

But that was it really as far as partner-swapping was concerned apart from a fragmented attempt on one of the Dutchman's tunes to go from quartet to solos with a couple of trios and duets in passing. Other-

wise it was all theme-solos-theme-end stuff. Mariano aching all night (a companion complained of being manipulated — some people are never satisfied), Haslam never quite taking off, van't Hof now exasperated, now brilliant. One of his tunes, a gallop of a march which showed his percussive technique, was a tour de force. Just this side of Cecil and well the other side of McCoy he thrashed out a stern beat, like bass and snare, while soloing rhythmically over it, the piano as tuned drums. The hubbub hardly noticed, the rest of us gave him an ovation.

STEVE LEWIS

Herbie Hancock
TrioLONDON
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

THE ANDRÉ PREVIN jazz concerts were an entertaining if entirely undemanding bunch: the MJQ as stately and unperturbed as ever, Miles back with a hot band and material that's beginning to cool off, Dizzy taking it easy on his birthday gig... and Herbie Hancock coming

out with an all-acoustic trio for a couple of pleasant, amiable sets.

Hancock takes his acoustic jazz seriously, almost reverentially at times: the slower numbers they played sometimes shuffled to a near standstill on the podium of Herbie's austere and romantic chords. He treats this format like a jazz workshop: Buster Williams and Al Foster stirred and tended the rhythms without really reaching the finish of a true, integral trio. The low profile of the music suggested a certain torpor, rather than a real concentration. They opened with "Limehouse Blues", modernised in an entirely unsuitable way, but given that the melody is pure kitsch to start with that hardly mattered. Williams settled for long, grand utterances; Foster sounded too loud to me, and the peaks and troughs of activity were reached too predictably.

Hancock still works best when he's got a born player to spar with. There's too much dreaming and drifting when he's left to his own devices. But this wasn't the sort of music to take umbrage at. It was satisfying enough to hear three skilled men playing largely for themselves.

RICHARD COOK

JMT RECORDS



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WHAT DO
THEY SOUND
LIKE? NOISY!

Fast! Funky! Electric! Bebop! Xero's rugged, hunched, carves into the maelstrom with irritated jerks, jumps from one argument to another with his rough and ready alto. Louis Colon on bass (shaved head and Mr Spock ears) plays jagged,

WORDS BEN WATSON IMAGERY-
DENNIS DALBY / ALLAN F PARKER

colliding free-form funk. Gene Velocette stares passively, prettily vacant, drumming out a ceaselessly varied barrage.

The Works have no truck with post-Trane spiritualism, the saxophone sound is not subjective, a journey to the urge within. It's hard, it's about what you can do with air and skin: survival music for those who want the edge of jazz but can't afford its cocktail trappings. Xero converts the squabbles of the kids round the backs to alto saxophone stories, uses the detritus of his surroundings to make music. Strange little instruments are taken from a suitcase – whistles, triangles, horns with bicycle-pump slides, a wheel with amplified spokes. As a respite from the onslaught Xero will blow some Peruvian drainpipe, bang a drum. The music is as material as you could wish.

The Works have emerged from the Leeds free scene, and are still active within it – but how did they get there? Xero expands on a misspent youth: "When I was ten I crashed my bike into a dustbin lorry, smashed up my left hand quite badly. I had to do all this squeezing rubber balls for therapy and somebody said, why don't you play bass guitar instead of pouncing about with these patene weight-lifters' devices."

The possibilities open to a bass guitarist in Bradford in the late 60s were fairly limited.

"I fell in with a bad lot who all had motorbikes and listened to Eric Clapton and that – they had a band and I had a bass guitar, so I started playing R&B, doing the same thing every night, four nights a week. Till I was about 18 and I thought, oh, bollocks to this – and all that gear you have to carry."

THIS SEVEN-year subjection to rock guitar has left a deep aversion. Despite liking Peter Brötzmann "both personally and as a musician" Xero can't abide Last Exit, isn't relishing the prospect of supporting James "Blood" Ulmer in Holland and even thinks Prime Time "could do with a guitar less". Nevertheless relief arrived in the shape of an Ornette Coleman record – *New York Is Now!*. Interestingly, it had Ornette teamed up with the Garrison/Jones rhythm section from Col-

trane's classic quarter, upsetting the near division certain purists make between Coltrane's music (the orthodox legacy) and Ornette's dodgy experiments (of course the latter has the (dis)advantage of still being around . . .)

"I started listening to my dad's Ornette Coleman records and thought, this is what I'd rather do. I love his sound, the cleanness and simplicity." The gear got sold – "Fender Jazz Bass guitar and Marshall amplifiers, which at the time were the vicar's knickers" – and Xero bought a double bass. Then came the introduction to jazz methodology.

"I met Richard Ward, a tenor player who now lives in Halifax. He'd just put his tenor in his gob and shut his eyes and wiggle his fingers and make all this noise and jump around all over the stage, drinking bottles of cough medicine before he did it – I'd never met anyone like that. In his more lucid moments he'd play modern jazz standards, I think he knew about three. I knew 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow' and a blues in five keys – if you want to play jazz that's all you need to know, 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow' and 'Rock Around The Clock' slowed down."

Xero did a two-year stint at Harrogate Music College after his Mum entered him for an audition – a course he values, especially a teacher called Graham Hearne – "he's brilliant, played with Stockhausen – play the piano without looking at the keys, everything" – who taught him about chords.

"I really feel that if you're going to have anything to do with playing any kind of free – so-called free – music, it's important to have something you're getting away from."

Armed with a Selmer alto, inherited from a grandpa who (like his dad before him) ran a dance band from Skipton, Xero joined up with tenor player Alphonse Material (Richard Bostock) and Ansell Broderick and started going abroad. This was about 1979, and they were playing Thelonious Monk tunes – modern jazz.

Transport is a perennial problem in Xero's life. Arriving in Dunkirk, the first time abroad, "the Morris Traveller we were in started making this weird creak-

ing noise. I got out and had a look underneath – it was breaking in half, folding up like a book, rusted across. So we drained the petrol out of it, tipped it on its side and I got this six-inch nail and half a brick and punched all these holes each side of the crack and sewed it together with fence wire. It held up for months.

"There was mutiny in the ranks in Ghent – people wanted to go home. We stopped in the pretty corn market and started looking for somewhere to buy bottles of wine and bread – you know, Europe – and [Paul] Hession goes, I can hear John Coltrane! I thought, he's gone bonkers, it's the strain of driving in this stretched-together car – then I could hear it too. It was coming out of this bar – the Cafe Damerd – an amazing stroke of fortune. They had big photographs of Thelonious Monk and Jack DeJohnette and all these jazz stars all the way round. We were just gobsmacked. We asked if we could play and he ummed and aghed and said 'Well I can only pay you a hundred pounds' – which was a *fortune* to us then – but we'd have to play from ten to three in the morning, so we did. Hession said, fuck it, let's not play any of that old bollocks, let's just play, have some fun – we just made it up as we went along and the punters loved it, all going 'great, great' and whistling."

Xero Slingsby (and more recently, the Works) has been back to the Cafe Damerd "hundreds of times" and are well pleased with the reception, there and elsewhere on the Continent.

"It's like chalk and cheese – so enthusiastic. Everything's so different, there's none of that half-past ten crap, they're open as long as you are."

The street life was also appealing.

"Pedestrian precincts are a European idea anyway, one of the few they've got in England, and if you go to Europe everyone sees them – flogging things, busking."

"I've been in court 47 times for busking – never been fined more than a fiver – most of the time it's been thrown out. Busking doesn't half develop your gob – you get a much better tone."

Continued on page 57

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BARNEY WILEN

THE CARTOON PALEFACE

PUNKS, PYGMIES AND PRIVILEGE: a tenorman remembers

by MIKE ZWERN

ONE WINTER NIGHT in 1958, after a solo with Miles Davis' band in the Club St Germain, Barney Wilen unhooked his saxophone, came to the bar, ordered a double and said: "You know what Miles just told me? 'Why don't you stop playing those terrible notes?'" Barney did not seem particularly disturbed. He downed the drink, went back to the stand and played with no visible constraint.

A privileged childhood and a few significant genes may have something to do with the healthy ego. His American

father (a dentist before becoming an inventor) collected royalties on patents covering flippers, goggles and other underwater gear. Tennis champion Suzanne Langlen's manager for a while, he was part of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Riviera crowd. Barney was born in Nice in 1937. The family went to America to escape the war but came back on one of the first available boats when it was over.

His French mother's ancestors include Pierre Josef de Tremblay, Richelieu's secretary, and the Michaux brothers,

who were counsellors to Czar Nicholas during the Napoleonic wars. "These were the guys," Wilen points out with wry pride, "who had the bright idea to burn down Moscow."

He grew up around the intellectual elite and though his father wanted him to become a lawyer or go into real estate, the poet Blaise Cendrars convinced him to be a musician. Wilen recalls: "My mother used to hold literary teas. Some friends of Proust were always there, Consuelo de Saint-Exupéry (widow of the writer/airman) and so on. My father sequestered the alto sax my uncle Jesse had given me just before a contest sponsored by the Hot Club de France. I hustled like mad and eventually found a baritone, which I had never played before. Everybody said I sounded like Gerry Mulligan. Getty was big that year. Our band won the contest and Cendrars told me, 'Do what you want. Don't think about what other people say if you like it and feel you can be good at it.'"

IN THE EARLY '50s, Wilen opened a jazz youth club in Nice. Family connections — his father's friend Jacques Medecin, then a journalist, is now mayor — combined with energy and talent obtained a city subsidy. Playing every night, he got better fast.

Wilen — which comes from Wilensky and is "either Polish or Russian, I'm not sure" — moved to Paris in 1957. He swiftly became one of the few European horn players acceptable to touring Americans. He played with Blakey and Monk on the soundtrack of Roger Vadim's film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and with Miles behind Louis Malle's *Lift To The Scaffold*.

Inherited money and a free spirit took him away from jazz for six years. After hearing some recorded Pygmy music in the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, he arranged financing, put a team of film-makers, technicians, journalists and musicians in four Land Rovers and they all left for Africa "to look for and record those people". Because of an accumulation of negative factors like minefields, a period in prison, bad planning, personnel problems and the Biafra war, they never did record (or even find) them. "All the Pygmies seemed to have left by the time we got to where they were supposed to be," Wilen shrugs.

Wilen is the sort of person who can shrug without

moving. His pale, emotionally drained face does not smile easily. There are pessimistic flickers in the eyes. Despite his authentic time, which is rare in France, he fell back into the crowd. He's not exactly been a model of how to take care of business. But it's hard to believe he's 50, he can look determined. You wait to see how he'll bounce back.

He was the model for a six-part cartoon series called *Barney And The Blue Note* which ran last year in the mass-circulation magazine *A Suivre* (or "To Be Continued"). The saxophone-playing hero is a scowler, a womaniser, moody, a "looser", strung out on heroin and he always needs a shave. It is neither very flattering nor, according to Wilen, accurate. When he asked "Why me?" the editors replied: "Because you're the rockiest jazz musician we know."

When he moved back to Nice for a while, he had played with a punk band called Moko, so he didn't mind the rocky image but he briefly considered suing them. Then the series was collected into a book which brought him into the public eye, and he learned the PR adage: "It doesn't matter what they say about you as long as they put your picture in the paper and spell your name right." Earlier this year, when his album, also titled *La Note Bleue* (they have the same cover design) was released, the ads announced that it was the first recorded version of a comic book.

THERE WAS THE hint of triumph in the air when his quartet played to a packed house at the American Centre a few months ago. He has a manager, his price is going up. Both comic book and album *La Note Bleue* are doing well. He's writing music for a stage production of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They*, set for September at Le Crique d'Hiver. There are posters all over town.

For a long while now he's been trying to put together a musical comedy involving a series of sketches about "Looking for Charlie Parker's Saxophone". His concentration has not been helped by running problems with bankers and landlords. But he says he's not worried: "The moment I accumulate some belongings they seem somehow to go immediately down the drain. I've been existing more than living most of these past years. I have no house, no automobile, no major appliances. I've got nothing to lose."

Up From The Cradle Of Jazz

New Orleans Music Since World War II

BY JASON BERRY,

JONATHAN FOOSE AND TAD JONES

(University of Georgia Press)

IN APRIL 1979, something happened at a St Charles's, New Orleans, house party that made me want to start writing about music. A skinny, shy man in the kitchen found the hostess Jap Acoustic (five strings only). He started to play and sing – a couple of Sam Cooke tunes, something of his own, a scat version of "Mr Magic", a Tynone Davis number, a country and western selection – and within minutes the entire, bizarre mixture of high and low life that characterises Crescent City gatherings was silenced. The man was Walter "Wolfman" Washington, I had never heard such delicate, soulful singing and playing. Although now, at last, Washington's work is available on Demon Records, the fact that he is mentioned only briefly in the epilogue of Berry, Foose and Jones' superb study is a sad reflection of the time it takes to find a publisher who will go to print with an unquantifiable work as written, rather than as edited.

Researched and written by three New Orleans-based journalists (R&B Encyclopaedia Tad Jones, percussionist Jonathan Foose, and award-winning investigative journalist Jason Berry, whose track record includes a spell at PO for the successful 70s campaign of James Evers, the first black Mississippi senator), it is hard to imagine a better written, more intimately researched, or more evocative history of post-war New Orleans music than *Up From The Cradle Of Jazz*.

The book is broken into four sections, the first charting the rise of New Orleans R&B. The chapter on Professor Longhair contains much that will be maddeningly familiar to the many European aficionados of his music. But the direct observations and ruminations concerning his death, the family's bereavement, and what the man meant to Orleansians are fresh and poignant. The first section also dissects the phenomenon of the Musical Families, so central to an understanding of New Orleans music: the Nevilles, LaSres and Narsales' being merely the tip of this multigenerational iceberg.

"The Flush Years" follows the flowering of New Orleans R&B into a full-blown national

soul sound characterised by the songwriting of Eddie Boogie, the (then) outrageous stageshows of Esquerria and Bobby Marchan and, of course, the architect of modern New Orleans R&B, Allen Toussaint. There are amusing reminiscences from the DJs and impresarios of the time, such as Jim "Rase Record" Russell, whose tall stories of long-gone warehouse parties make London's present equivalents sound tame indeed: "If you take a car right now and load it up with gas and don't stop from here across the nation, you will never have anybody managing 18 disc jockeys at one time!"

Part three chronicles the hard times – the late 60s and early 70s when the aftermath of Beatlemania effectively excluded from the money action those musicians unwilling to sojourn in Los Angeles, New York or San Francisco. It's a stark fact that the number of New Orleans-produced "modern" jazz LPs made in that period would scarcely fill a Woolworth's "Junior" record box. Of particular interest to "pure" jazz listeners is the chapter on the little-known but influential NO bebop and modernist music that found its roots in Stan Kenton's tenor protégé, Al Belletto, and in Harold Battiste's "AFO" (all-for-one) project: probably the first-ever truly independent jazz cooperative.

"The Caribbean Connection" is possibly the most adventurous section. In search of the obscure origins of the Mardi Gras Indians Berry brings into service his extensive readings in Haitian, Amerindian and Dahomeyan political, social and religious history, as well as down-to-earth interviews with the oldest and longest-memoried "chiefs". There is even an etymological section on the uptown Creole.

This book has two great advantages over its competitors. First, it jettisons the usual slavish, tedious liturgies of discography and biography in favour of a broader perspective of the musical, cultural and social history of one of the most beautiful and fascinating modern cities on earth. Its other advantage is its impartial and interchangeable treatments of jazz and R&B, unthinkable to many academics, yet second nature to musicians and genuine music lovers – who can't hear one without being aware of the other.

JOHN ARMSTRONG

Books

The Jazz Handbook

BY BARRY MCRAE
(Longman)

THIS IS A useful little book. I say "little", but it's actually of a rather awkward size; a bit too tall and heavy to be a genuine pocket companion. The treatment, though, is neat and precise and tempered to quick assessments and instant reference. One can't help thinking of it as a kind of *Oberlin's Book Of Jazz*.

Barry McRae has been observing and listening to the music for a long time and he's kept a splendidly open mind about what jazz is, where it's been and where it's going. There are lamentably few writers who can summon up a comparable enthusiasm for Johnny Dods and Henry Threadgill. Barry is one of them. He's divided his book into decade-by-decade entries, with a little essay to start each one off and then the main figures rating a separate alphabetical slot. This can be a bit bothersome – if you want to look up Art Tatum's *Genius* sessions, for instance, you have to check him in the "Thirties" section. Once you find your way around the book, though, it's easily done.

It is decidedly uncontroversial and straightforward without glossing over the issues. Try the Archie Shepp entry for an astute, no-nonsense appreciation of a basically overrated player. A handful of necessary records are picked for each player, and there are few quibbles there. A "Database" section at the end is very useful for listing labels, organisations and magazines. The layout is sometimes a little hard on the eyes but there's a strong pictorial content.

It's hard to argue with a book like this. Of course names are left out; but they've also been left out of *Jazz: The Essential Companion*, a far more comprehensive book. McRae's approach is catholic, sensible and intelligent. He writes for people who are interested and who aren't fools. On its own unassuming terms, this is a little gem.

MINK FISH

PAT METHENY GROUP

STILL life (talking)

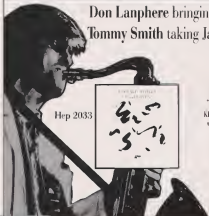
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BUD SHANK
BACK TO BEBOP

IN RECENT YEARS SOME OF THE MOST ELOQUENT TESTIMONIES TO THE CONTINUING VITALITY OF THIS MUSIC HAVE COME FROM FIGURES WHO, WE MIGHT BE FORGIVEN FOR THINKING, HAD SEEMINGLY BEEN LEVELLED INTO THE DIRT OF HISTORY LONG BEFORE A FEW OF US WERE EVEN BORN. THE INSPIRED LATE FORM OF SUCH PREVIOUSLY HALF-FORGOTTEN

NAMES AS
WARNE MARSH,
NATHAN DAVIS,
MARION BROWN,

players whose years of neglect or exile are now informed upon by a deep, hard-won maturity, has been such as to demand observance equal to that afforded the renaissance of such giants as Art Pepper and Chet Baker. And Bud Shank.

WORDS. TONY HERRINGTON
PHOTO. BRUCE RAE

He was reduced to the status of a footnote in all but the most comprehensive of jazz histories by virtue of a self-propelled exile which stretched out from the early 60s to shadow a whole decade. But the 61-year-old altoist's re-vitalisation has been one of the wonders of recent jazz. The initial caution of his attempt to reclaim squandered time, which saw him cocooned in the precious folds of The LA's wine bar decoration, has only served further to underline the powers he has uncovered since. He sounds now like a man overrun with ideas, rejoicing in a furiously probing approach that has little precedent in his past — which reads off like the stock biography of every young lion who ever gained entry to the West Coast jazz movement of the Cold War years.

Be it the limber steps of *New Groove* or *The James Dean Story*, a collaboration, fittingly enough, with Chet Baker, or the *Flute'n'Oboe* duets he recorded with Bob Cooper, his own little piece of the scene's blasphemous appropriation of European forms, all his recordings of the time move with the same casual finesse that marked such milestones of restraint as *Cool And Crazy* or *The West Coast Sound* and that must have come with the sun-scorched territory therabouts (there's probably not much incentive to get hot-under-the-collar studio-wise when the temperature outside's touching a hundred and the humidity's up to sauna-bath level).

His own playing lingers on a similar air of detachment, the overriding search for the perfect counterpoint leading him into picking through the scores with something of a technician's resolve. Even so, next to Pepper or Konitz, he still sounds like an apprentice on the earlier dates and his attributed moan that there was little "emotional" or "personal" depth to offset the "shallows" appears, on their evidence, to be little more than a hastily erected self-defence. If so, the formation of his own quartet in 1956 gave him scope to counter such a slur.

Records like *Live At The Haig* and *Jazz At Cal-Tex* still progress with a blithe precision but there is also a loosening up of the subjugation of self that had seeped in from the Tristano school and, in "How

About You?"'s delirious flights, evidence of a move towards a more elemental grounding, one that was beginning to permeate through from back East via the activities of the Curtis Counce and Clifford Brown and Max Roach groups. It was a step away from an indigenous dogma that was to bring him to the point of gingerly embracing the welter of possibilities brought down by the new thing. Then came the hammer blow.

"Jazz music went all to hell in the early 60s, not just in LA but almost everywhere in the United States. I think musicians found themselves with maybe four alternatives: one, become a junky and hide away from other people; two, go to Europe; three, give up the music business; or four, go into some other form of music, ie the [Hollywood] studios, and that's what I did, it was simply a matter of survival, I had no other place to work.

"The studios were very lucrative as far as money was concerned but terrible as far as anything creative was concerned. There is no artistry in doing work like that, it's very industrial, I had a few good moments with a few good players but on the whole I didn't think about it, I didn't practise, my mind was other places, I was doing other things, racing sailboats. I just went to work and collected the money."

Nog a bad way to see out a life, maybe, except in this instance it was a bit like laying off a cabinet maker because there's no further demand for his craft, then offering him ten times the amount he'd previously earned to knock you up a couple of tea chests a week. It's got something to do with occupational satisfaction. Or the lack of it.

Born in 1926 into the American heartlands, the young saxophonist ticked off the next 20 years weaving together the strands of an indigenous culture that stretched from Tiny Bradshaw to Lucky Thompson. By 1946 he was already in Los Angeles, scuffling through the struggling musician's familiar lot of low-rent employment before becoming an inside witness to the final throes of the big bands, with the offer of a chair in the sax section of the Charlie Barnet Band. A still-valued three-year stint of depping the leader on first alto followed, priming him for

eventual "elevation" into the hard-nosed young tyros that made up Stan Kenton's Orchestra. It was to prove a fateful move.

The brilliant talents of those composers and arrangers — Gil Evans, John Lewis, Johnny Carisi, Gerry Mulligan — who were assembled to carve a new niche for the trumpet of Miles Davis late in 1948 might have set the agenda for the first wave of cool; but the task of its implementation was left to the new generation of musicians that would be strung out, in more ways than one, along a small scratch of hipdom on the Western seaboard known as Sunset Strip. Shorty Rogers, Art Pepper, John Grass, Pete Rugolo and Shelly Manne are the only names you need be familiar with to hatch an essay on the infancy of the cool, and for a brief period these most laconic of legislators were to be found, alongside Bud, biding time under the Kenton baton, perry to such overblown attempts to hurry-along-history as the "Innovations In Modern Music" (sic) Orchestra.

ONCE UNLEASHED FROM Big Sean's brand of highbrow gimmickry, the individual progress of these players begins to blur in the ferocious whirl of activity that seemed to suck up every young guy with a beach shirt and a horn who found himself within surfing distance of Hermosa Beach. With the fat cigars up in Hollywood opting to bring in those who'd been soundtracking the whole sordid deal all along to provide movie scores like *The Man With The Golden Arm*, there was no need for the West Coasters to ape their Eastern colleagues and suffer for their art. The moguls paid well, significantly so in Bud's case, and with the emergence of record labels like Contemporary and Pacific Jazz and clubs like The Lighthouse and The Haig, worries as to how the next hand-tailored Italian suit was going to be paid for were lost in a blaze of recording sessions and live dates.

In the studio the formula was simple: perm any number between, say, five and ten from the floating pool of players that made up The Giants, The All-Stars and Shelly Manne's Men, put them behind a microphone with the latest arrangements by Johnny Mandel, Neal Hefti or Marty

Paich and set the tapes rolling. It was devastatingly effective, the familiarity of the players with each other and the material allowing for a rare empathy that the East Coast collision of bop and swing players could only hanker hopelessly after. As yardsticks for a whole genre, the dates for which Bud was elected nominal leader provide a more than adequate gauge.

"I got to a point in the early 70s like, where the hell am I? Why am I doing this? And at the same time I started to sense, as did a few other people, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne for instance, that there was a renewed interest in what jazz musicians of the 40s and 50s had done. Maybe it was just curiosity but we thought it was time to feel out the market, the pulse of the country, and that's when we put together The LA4. We were very cautious obviously because that was a very commercial group. We didn't come out roaring, playing pure jazz things, because I don't think we trusted what was going on."

It was a pervasive caution that would soon shift down into a naggingly familiar grind.

"By the time we got round to 1982 LA4 was no longer a challenge, it had become as big a pain in the ass as the studios were and just as limiting artistically, and I realised that I needed to get out again. And by that time I'd severed all my connections with Hollywood, I'd moved away to the Pacific North West and I wanted to become a soloist, do my own thing, and for the last three years now all I've done is work by myself, making my own records. Now I'm doing what I should have been doing all those years ago and I feel a whole lot better about being alive. I am alive!"

AS ALIVE AS he's ever been. His recordings with The LA4 are of little more than historical interest now. *Watch What Happens, Live At Montreux*, the aptly titled *Executive Suite*, all might be worth dipping into, but only if you've got a sucker's wallet and a mind to catch sight of four old masters calmly and serenely sealing themselves off from the rest of the world. To get next to the man now, to click as to why he merits space here, you'd do well

coming to terms with the subsequent 18-month association with Shorty Rogers, yet another set of old bones to come rattlin' out of the closet, itchy for a taste of the old medicine.

Their records bustle with a kind of bath-chair revision of past glories. But if the material's hinged to an ancient lore, then Bud's contributions sound like the most furious of loft mouthings. On something like *Back Again*, there is little of the lassitude that regularly wormed its way into many of those 50s sides for sure, but the torrid whirlwind of sound he conjures up out of "My Romance" or the title track puts him at an even further remove from any notions of West Coast politeness. These are archaic structures uprooted and warped into new, uncomfortable shapes, with all the familiarity scoured out. It's a method he's been whittling away at ever since, the explorations on more recent documents — *This Bud's For You*, *That Old Feeling* — of the spellbinding options open to the modern improviser, resulting in a further extension of old boundaries for new-found pastures.

"The free thing . . . I don't think I was ready for that in the 50s, but I'm ready for it now. I mean I'm really into some free things now, but freedom within a structure. I don't like unstructured music, I like to deal with the structure and the possibility for freedom within that, whether it be emotional, musical or whatever — the freedom to do what I want. Totally unstructured avant garde music to me is a little too chaotic, but the point where you are dealing with a specific structure and where everything within that is free, then I'm most certainly in there and I want to explore that much, much further."

It's a desire to get to the core of this music that has bricked off the diversionary side roads which had previously taken him to the fringes of legitimacy — hail the classical! — and into the forms of the Indian and South American continents. Such eclecticism now gets short shrift.

"That kind of thing has backfired on me a lot, that versatility if you wish to call it that. People would look at the records I've made and say, well, this is all he can

do, diversify. But all I've ever wanted to be was a straight bebop alto player, you know? Playing the flute, for instance, put me in another bag and that's why I've stopped playing the flute. I've stopped all that stuff just to show everybody that this is what I do, and now I'm doing my own thing I'm gaining the courage of my own convictions more and more."

Tired, jet lagged, there are a lot of pauses and considerations in Bud's speech that get lost on the way into print. But you are not misled. The underlying tone of a singular resolve — 1, 1, 1 — is cooled rather than boosted here. It found its way into all aspects of the conversation — the possibilities "still waiting" to be milked from electricity, the grudging acceptance of Miles swathed in a populist cloth, "but at least he's out there, looking for something", the prospects of his first solo concerts, the new "concerto" being pieced together from the alto's core by Johnny Mandel, the chance to escape from the nightly trawl through a standard past now presented by the formation of a new quartet — further underlining the burning enthusiasm for this music that he has now so brilliantly rekindled.

"I've never played or practised more than I have in the last three years. I wasted a lot of time in the 60s and early 70s, that period made me . . . I was about to say, 'hate music', but nothing would make me do that. But there was nothing in that period to make me like music or inspire me to play, and now I've got that inspiration. The place where I live is an artist's colony, a lot of writers, painters, a lot of music happening, and I'm in a very isolated place where I can practise all day and night without disturbing anybody. This is the kind of thing I should have been doing long ago, and I'm lucky because I've still got new things to say. Guys my age have usually said everything and are resting on past laurels but I'm still laying it down."

Which is why, with my listener's world already so packed as to be in danger of crowding out even its most recent inhabitants, I will probably always keep a corner clear for Bud Shank to inhabit. Maybe you should too.



Bheki Mseleku

SPIRIT IN THE SKY

“THERE’S THE INNER MUSIC WHICH CANNOT BE PLAYED BY ANY INSTRUMENT HERE, WHICH CANNOT BE PLAYED BY ANY MIND. I WAS LISTENING TO MESSIAEN YESTERDAY, *TURANGALILA*: THAT WORD MEANS ‘PLAY OF CONSCIOUSNESS’ AND IT’S A SPIRITUAL THING, IT’S THE THING I’M TALKING ABOUT. BUT EVEN THAT MUSIC, WHICH IS SO BEAUTIFUL – YOU CAN TAKE ANY COMPOSER, WHOEVER, WHEREVER, NO ONE

can play the music of the spirit. The music we play comes *from* the spirit, but it’s nothing to the music you can hear in higher meditation, it’s nothing to that. That’s why it’s pointless taking music as a competition where everyone wants to be the

WORDS: MARK SINKER
PHOTO: MICHAEL WOOLLEY

best. The *downbeat* poll, all those kinds of things, they have nothing to do with truth."

"The Angel full of strength appears, and above all the Rainbow that covers him. In his dreams, the author hears and sees classed chords and melodies, familiar colours and shapes; then, after this transitory stage, he passes into the Unreal, and undergoes with ecstasy a wheeling, a gyratory concentration of super-human sounds and colours. These swords of fire, these blue-orange flows of lava, these sudden stars: that is the unfolding tangle, these are the Rainbows."

(from Messiaen's notes to the Quartet for the End of Time)

BHEKI MSELEKU, a quiet-spoken man with gentle boyish features, a player of delicate unforced richness and learning on tenor saxophone and piano, has for some time been attracting attention and praise. But he'd rather just play, and not get caught up in the web of words, of distinctions and comparisons and descriptions that writers like to wield to keep their distance from music.

Born in Durban in 1955, raised in the midst of the evil that is Apartheid, his opportunities to broaden his art, to play as and when he would want, have been frustrated and curtailed. But he refuses to voice the anger some would expect. When I ask him if conditions are perhaps better here, he replies, seriously, carefully:

"In a sense, yes. But there's still problems all over, because people are not yet ready to work and live in Truth, meaning in Love, knowing that they're really brothers. In fact closer than brothers, just one Being. We're all part of one Being. There's always a problem in all countries of the world in that sense because people are not educated enough in terms of Love. They may be advanced technologically, or in other things, Afri-

cans may be advanced in whatever they're advanced in, but all these countries are not *really* advanced – which is what we need – in Love. Because that alone will take us to Godhead."

The contributions to the Afro-American ideal-dream that born African players have made, from Abdullah Ibrahim and Chris McGregor through to a host of young modern exiles, these are known but not yet properly examined or evaluated. The inspirations Dudu Pukwana, Johnny Dyani, Harry Miller and Louis Moholo, among others, brought to the British Free Jazz scene in the 60s, the values imparted to strands of Improvised Music as practised by Evan Parker and others, in some respects so apparently distant, and yet so consonant with certain African attitudes and techniques, ways of performing, ways of hearing, ways of being.

It's a crucial subject in terms of influence and understanding, but it's also a loaded subject. Is any region more prey to confused or stereotypical treatment than Africa, from North to South? Understandably, many South African exiles are very much less given to any fine-tuned analysis of this kind, just because insane versions of it continue to underpin the violence of the regime that oppresses families and friends back home. Questions about what Africa has given Europe, and what Europe has given Africa have been too caught up with ugly ulterior motives for too long. Bheki for one would rather deal with the inner person than any outward manifestations:

"I'm not African, I'm not anything. I understand what you're saying, but I'm just explaining how I am. I have problems being with an African who thinks he's 'African', but if I'm with an African who just *is*, then I don't have problems. I can have problems with anyone, English or German or Japanese, as long as he thinks

that's what he is.

"In other words, I am African, if African means Universal. I'm Zulu – because I'm from Zululand – if that means Universal. But if it means Zulu fighting other people, or hatred, or being proud, being attached to my tradition, not wanting to unify, then I'm not that."

CHRIS MCGREGOR'S Blue Notes played, as a mixed race group, around Cape Town until their unsegregated make-up made it possible to do so no longer. The physical, geographical enforcement of Apartheid was being put brutally into practice, and they left in 1964, to settle in Europe and Britain. For Bheki, and other players of a later generation, such as Russell Herman of Kintone or Mervyn Afrika of District Six, playing and working together meant presenting a living embarrassment to the regime – Russell and Mervyn would be classified 'Coloured', Bheki 'Black' – and mad officialdom took it that they must live in different areas, abide by different rules.

"In terms of the clubs, for example, the only clubs really available are clubs for Whites, and you couldn't play there. If you did, if the owner wanted you to play, it was actually illegal, he'd be doing it without permission. If the police came, he'd be in trouble, and we'd have to stop."

In 1977, Bheki went to New York in a group called Spirits Rejoice, along with Mervyn Afrika, and drummer Gilbert Matthews: they were supporting Julian Bahula's trio Malombo Jazz, who were missionaries for African rhythms, and recording at that time with Herbie Mann. Bheki intended to stay in New York. The tour of America and Europe would end there. Unfortunately Spirits Rejoice had management problems and split in London *en route* to Jamaica. Struck without the money for a ticket to New York, he ended up going back to South Africa. Although

he now had the passport essential for leaving, he had neither the money for the ticket out, nor the total certainty that he would be able to hold on to the passport. Record and management companies have been known to confiscate such documents to keep their hold over performers they think might be likely to escape their clutches.

Eventually, with the help of friends Eugene and Mary Skeef, he was able to reach Germany, in 1980, where he met up with Abdullah Ibrahim, who advised him that Johnny Dyani needed a piano player in Sweden. There he applied and got Political Asylum. He stayed for three years, but the physical distance from most of the gigs in Europe got to be too much. He came to London to play a date with Louis Moholo and Trevor Watts, and Chris McGregor heard him play in the 100 Club. McGregor had a tour arranged, but Bheki was going to Zimbabwe where his sister lives, and where he was unable to get a work permit, and then on to Botswana to make *After The Rain* with Hugh Masekela. Violence flared in Botswana in a shooting raid across the border from South Africa, some of the musicians he was working with were shot, and he returned to England last year, in time to share an acclaimed set at Bracknell with his old colleague Gilbert Matthews, with long-time exile bassist Ernest Mothle, and, at last, with Chris McGregor.

Still awaiting transfer of Political Asylum from Botswana, Bheki has spent the last months working furiously with a great many musicians, including representatives of the rising British generation, Steve Williamson, Iain Ballamy, Steve Arguelles, a one-off date with Courtney. At present he's contributing to Jonas Gwangwa's soundtrack for the movie *Biko* and is about to resume work with Kintone, for a tour in October and their eagerly awaited new LP. And somewhere

in all this, there are a few projects of his own.

"I get very easily influenced by all kinds of different people. Because everyone's very strong in his personality. I could be with you and be very easily influenced. I'm influenced by all kinds of people. But when I get time to be alone, then I can come to my senses again and think, Who am I, Where am I going, Why am I here on this Earth?"

THE INPUT FROM South African musicians is difficult to pin down exactly, once you get beyond the phenomenal energy of their actual presence: it's something like a validation of the links between the hardest and most free of 60s players, the all-embracing reach of the best 70s fusion outfits, and the deepest powers of African folk and pop roots. From Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler to *mbaqanga* via Return To Forever, a clear affirmation that the same spirit is to be found in all these strands. Bheki will happily acknowledge the presence in his music of his father's *mbaqanga*, of Bach, Debussy, Scriabin and Messiaen, and of the inspiration of fellow South Africans: among others far too numerous to recount, Kippie Moeketsi (an alto player who idolised Charlie Parker, played alongside Ibrahim, and died after a lifetime of tribulations in 1983), Sandile Shange (a guitarist who played with McGregor), Chris Schikler (a pianist from a family of musicians in Jo'burg), Alan Kwela (another guitarist, with close connections with Darius Brubeck), and Winston 'Mankunku' Ngozi (alto player with Mike Makgalemele). As well as a hefty list of unsurprising mentors from John Coltrane to Duke Ellington. After all this, it ought to be noted that he's a self-taught musician.

"It's natural for me, just natural. I've never been to school, I don't read music.

I'm learning now. I hope I will one day. I think I will because it's mathematics, and I use mathematics anyway in what I'm doing. I use a lot of theory, my own theories. What I'm saying is that it's natural for me. When I hear, I hear most of a thing. Some of it I can't hear, because it's moving too fast, too complex. Some of Messiaen's stuff, for instance. That knowledge comes from my past life. So there's nothing new I can bring to anyone else, because there's nothing old. Life never started, life always was."

For a new generation, the influence of Kintone or District Six or now Bheki's playing is going to be massive, even if it's still largely underground at present. Interest in all aspects of South African music has never been so widespread. Django Bates' teenage obsession with Dudu's muse is a manifestation of a vast interconnection that will strengthen both bodies, and perhaps — in the end — blur the differences which others insist on putting between them.

"Trying to explain the world of art is clouding everything. It's beyond language. Words are new. They're not as old as music, because music is the language of the soul."

"He set his right foot on the sea, his left foot on the land and, standing on the sea and on the earth, he lifted his hand to the sky and swore by Him who lives in the Century of Centuries, saying: 'There shall be no more Time: but on the day of Seventh Angel's trumpet, the mystery of God shall be accomplished.'"

(Revelations Ch. X)

SOME RECORDS

A record last year with Mike Perry and Winston Nguzi, *Joka*; two records with Durban Express from the early 70s; five records with Drive, including *Cow Yoo Fe! It?* (1975), *Tribute* (1977), *Let's Cool It* (1980) and a live LP (all these hard to find) and *Spirits Repair*.



CAROLINE FORBES

John Zorn as The Man With The X-Ray Eyes

JOHN ZORN

COBRA

(hat Art 2034)

Recorded: New York, 21 October 1985 & 9 May 1986.

Allegro; Largo; Moderato; Fantasia; Presto; Adagio Maestoso; Violento; Capriccio con gusto; Scherzo; Epilogue; Prudigal Maestoso; Capriccio; Lento/Mysterioso; Allegro. Jim Staley (tb), J. A. Deane (tb-syn, electronics), Carol Emanuel & Zeena Parkins (sharp); Anthony Coleman, Wayne Horvitz & David Weinstein (keys, cl), Guy Klaczerek (acc); Bill Frisell (g); Arto Lindsay (g, v), Elliot Sharp (g, b, v), Bob James (traps), Christian Marclay (turntables), Bobby Previte (perc, d-machine); John Zorn (prompter) (collective personnel).

SONNY CLARK MEMORIAL QUARTET
WOODOO

(Black Saint BSR 0109)

Recorded: New York, 25/26 November 1985

Cool Struttin', Minor Musing, Nasty, Something Special; Voodoo, Sonar, Sonny's Cry.

John Zorn (as), Wayne Horvitz (p); Ray Drummond (b), Bobby Previte (d).

S O U N D C H E C K

ONLY ONE thing changes faster than the direction of a typical Zorn solo, and that's public perception. Near on half a page in *Melody Maker* and a whole lot of lesser raves elsewhere in the music press just recently: at this rate, Zorn might just have claim to the title of new music's golden boy.

The Big Gundown was bound to either make or break Zorn in the public gaze. Popular culture has gone into fast reverse as people are rediscovering some of the delights of yesteryear, and even some of the supposedly 'new' music of today has more than a touch of *deja vu* about it. How timely a move: Ennio Morricone, whose spaghetti western

soundtracks were so brilliantly reconstructed by Zorn and his pals, has latterly garnered a particular cult interest. Not that Zorn was compromising any: he's always recognised that musical resources are not just the notes of the scale, but also the people who play them. Little wonder that the great stylings of New York's Lower East Side, a musical community renowned for its restless innovators, are naturally drawn to him. Zorn has developed the art of playing musicians – and here lies the link between his 'interpretations' of Morricone and Monk and his series of compositions for improvisers, of which "Cobra" is the latest, and possibly his last.

Cobra, a two album set, divides its time equally between the studio and the stage. There are minor amendments to the cast for each, although the 'score' remains the same: a sequence which breaks up the ensemble components into particular groupings of players or textural ideas. There is no conventional notation to speak of, no limits as to how short or long each section should be, no real directives as to its eventual shape. Chance factors taken to the extreme. There are noticeable differences between the two performances: the changes come harder and faster in the studio, whilst the live concert recording is rather more expansive, more reflective. Whether it was down to the medium or the mood of the night is beyond explanation. The ideas come thick and fast: the occasional melody peeks out from a hushaway deep in the undergrowth, picks its way across the surface, only to be blown to smithereens by the tone clusters exploding around it. Predictable for Zorn maybe – after all, he's been refining the art of conducted improvisations for nearly a decade – but it's something of which I'll never tire, for Zorn's forte is the sound of surprise.

No-one does it like Zorn, not even when it comes down to playing straight-ahead bebop. *Voodoo* wasn't meant to be a pillar of new compositional ideas, just a bit of fun, a tribute to one of the more obscure writers and players of the latter 50s/early 60s. Some of the work had already been done for them: Sonny Clark had a head for a good tune, so good in fact that even a lesser imagination could come up with trumps were they just note-perfect copyists. But these four are all sterling instrumentalists of a more invigorating kind, re-investing these melodies with both raw nerve and personality. Their focus isn't any sharper than on *Cobra*, just different. Zorn exudes a surprisingly

mellow character for the most part, using his caustic, extremes-of-the-register squallings to vibrate up the more naturally animated moments ("Minor Meeting" is a scream). Horvitz plays brilliantly throughout, establishing a note-sparing, knife-sharp counterpoint between left and right-hand runs. On the appropriately titled "Cool Struttin'", he sounds as if he were unzipping the keyboard. Drummond leans heavily on convention – he's a straight-ahead player, doing what he's always done. Previte does most to loosen the rhythmic foundations, stretching out and freeing the rather rambling feel of the title track. Tell you, given half a chance, it'd go down the proverbial storm at the Wag Club . . .

David Ilic

SONYA ROBINSON SONYA

(CBS FC 40251)

Recorded: New York, 1987.

Holten Trusting; Odyssey Under The Sun; Reflections Of Love; Great Eyes; Sky Blue; Valley Of The Kings;

Daquins; Former Ever Now; Sun Sails.
Robinson (vln); Jean-Paul Bourelly (g, syn); Gern Allen (syn); Carl Bourelly (syn); Stanley Banks (b); Kevin 'K-Dog' Johnson (d); Steve Thornton, Mino Cielu (perc); Vincent Henry (s).

NIGEL KENNEDY LET LOOSE

(EMI SCX 6709)

Recorded: London, 17–20 April 1987.

Let Loose; Zapane; Emotion; The Way It Is; The Way We Love; Killer Instinct; Inspire 1; Drive, Way Outside.
Kennedy (el vln); Dave Heath (p, syn); Graham Ward (d); Dominic Miller (g, syn); Guy Barker (t); Andy Pusk (b).

THE PRIMA FACIE case against the jazz violin has ensured that the instrument's development has been fitful, to put it mildly. Periodically some brash young bowmeister picks up the banner and carries it a few yards further, before being felled by critical disapprobation and public indifference. Coincidentally two such nafs are currently upon us, one from each side of the Atlantic.

The hum of hypewriters accompanies the arrival of Sonya Robinson. To their credit, however, the marketing efforts have stopped outside the studio door. As opposed to the normal "star guests" that suffocate so many debut albums, Ms Robinson is surrounded by relative unknowns – production, arrangements and composition are largely in the hands of multi-instrumentalist Jean-Paul Bourelly, and

the other unfamous musicians are only occasionally infiltrated by bigish names like Mino Cielu and Steve Thornton. The consequence is that a new talent is showcased against a fresh and uncluttered backdrop.

The music itself is a descendant of *Dusy* period *India*: sparse, largely electronic background rhythm section bolstered selectively by overdubbed synths; the odd choice sax solo; and above it all, mixing fire and discipline in a roughly 40:60 ratio, Sonya's coltrish violin. "Sky Blue", a nifty funk excursion, and "Reflections Of Love" (shame about the voice-over section) stand out; but the whole record is exciting and energetic, marred only rarely by an excess of rockist antics.

Such fulsome praise cannot be bestowed upon the British riposte. Nigel Kennedy is of course hot property on the classical circuit but he finds himself on these pages as a would-be jazzman. He shows a laudable desire to break out of the constraints of music biz pigeonholing but it tends towards mere technical perfection. To be fair to Kennedy, he's clearly got his heart in the project (in the accompanying press blurb he talks of his lifelong love of electric jazz) and he has composed much of the material himself. But it's like asking a Test Match bowler to open the batting and then wondering why he gets a string of low scores. The music on the album is uniformly pedestrian: mock-classical "orchestral stabs", elephantine drumming, slap bass fills – all the bluster belies a certain anaemia. Nigel himself modestly eschews virtuoso soloing for ensemble playing – I haven't yet worked out whether that's a boon or bane. Either way, the album as a whole tends to reaffirm that "It Don't Mean A Thing . . ."

Neither record threatens the crown of Ray Nance, but Robinson has unequivocally staked a claim as a potential Pretender.

Brian Glasser

VERVAN WESTON UNDERWATER CAROL

(Marchless MR 12)

Recorded: London and Hatfield, 22–25 July 1986.

For A Cuckoo's Call (With Rhythmic Figures); Pentastasis Study After The Khe, For An Elegant Feral (With Rhythmic Figures); Open Score, Duke's Serial Pot; Two Improvised Children's Paces; 97-Nuts Samba; Footwork (With Rhythmic Figures); Underwater Carol; Five Chord Piece.
Vervan Weston (p)

I FIND SOME of Weston's titles rather hard to

take, a bit too deliberately Arts Council, which is not irrelevant because some potential buyers could be put off by such artitudinising. What else you could call them I can't offer a solution about, but it is perhaps important these days that if you develop a personal view of the world of music you try to communicate with some immediacy at the point of sale, and perhaps particularly so if that view is jazz-based. Front cover's good though.

Certainly it can be said that what Weston offers here is personal, and highly developed, what might better be described as a "performance-system" rather than simply a "style", which draws from a number of sources. There are moments, for instance, when he reminds me of Cecil Taylor – quite a lot of moments, really – but it's not the hours-long headbanging of recent times but the more reticent and analytical earlier Cecil that he recalls; the days when the man caught up and distilled practically everything that had happened in jazz piano, and many other things that happened elsewhere, up to that point. There are moments too when there's a touch of Ravel; again, not the generalised influence of the impressionist sound-scape but the positive and intransigent note-stating rhythms that Ravel the pianist laid down on the piano-roll transcriptions of his own music. There are times too when Weston seems just to be getting from one point to the next, but these are rare and matched by the times when he works into an area never free of influence – or, perhaps more accurately, reference – but richly pianistic and full of conviction.

I have for long thought that there are areas of jazz that have not been entirely worked out – maybe even most of it – and that conscious thought and a sense of history might in some cases produce a fresh analysis of relevant material which could revivify existing codes and maybe bring into perspective the obsessive relationship between "originality" and "style" and "progress" which has allowed so much of what has gone on in jazz to be used briefly and thrown out in a truly consumerist manner. Steve Lacy's continuing re-working of the music of Monk and Herbie Nichols is a good example of how jazz can be refreshed from within, and this album of Weston's, though quite different, equally fulfils such conditions of possibility.

So far there's not a lot been noted – let's face it, nothing – about the individual tracks on this album. That's because I'm trying to get across the idea that how this guy thinks is

more important than any detail differences of performance one piece to another. There is a wide range of content, but the content can change frequently within any track too, so that the music becomes both seamless and varied, at different levels.

It ought to be said that it's not easy music; if what you want to do is go out, get down and boogie you'd better take yourself elsewhere. We're in at the cerebral end here, and it's sit'n'listen time. But if you want your understanding of jazz, or indeed just music, to engage genuinely with another's, get the album and see if you can work it out. It's an experience quite removed from the everyday, and I found it most refreshing.

Jack Cooke

NEW AIR AIR SHOW NO. 1

(Black Saint BSR 0099)

Recorded: Milan 2–3 June 1986.

Achard El Band (Children's Song); Don't Drink That Corner My Life Is In The Bush; Air Show; Apsicosis On Their Wings; Salute To The Enemy Bandit; Side Step. Henry Threadgill (as, ts, f, eastern banjo); Cassandra Wilson (v); Fred Hopkins (b); Pharoah Sanders (perc).

AN INTENSE, fiercely original and faultlessly executed session in the best Black Saint tradition, *Air Show No. 1* is a well-balanced mix of dense collective improvisation and more straightforward modern fare. Threadgill is considered and dignified throughout, whether employing an insistently hoarse alto on the tune based on a skipping-song, "Achard El Boud"; flute and the startling eastern banjo on the mournful "Don't Drink That Corner"; or sinister but subtly jaunty tenor on "Salute To The Enemy Bandit" (see sleeve for title-explanation). The rhythm section, too, is near-perfect: on the opening track, Hopkins bounces around between octaves like a rubber ball, but can be appropriately subdued where necessary and is especially effective with a bow. akLaff is right and intensely musical throughout. Wilson, on three tracks, one wordless, is a dramatic presence, with such control that she can move from pure fluting to sensuous huskiness in a single phrase.

A demanding session but, in Threadgill's words: "... designed as a challenge, the way an air show should be. You don't want to see the planes do rehearsed stunts. You want to see them take risks."

Chris Parker

THE PAT BROTHERS

THE PAT BROTHERS

(Moers Music 02052)

Recorded: Vienna, March 1986.

Three Short Stories Of A Great Politician; The Windows Of The World; Hymn; Alpine Aspects Of World Music; Child; All I Can Feel Is A Hunger; Red Top. Linda Sharrock (v), Wolfgang Puschnig (as, xy, f, v), Wolfgang Mitterer (gy, prepared sounds), Wolfgang Reisinger (d, natural sounds).

THERE is something attractively mischievous about a group consisting of one woman and three Wologangs naming themselves The Pat Brothers. There is also something playful and infectious in the music these 'brothers' create.

On this, their first album, The Pat Brothers are Puschnig and Reisinger, two long-standing members of the Vienna Art Orchestra; Mitterer, a composer of experimental electronic music; and Linda Sharrock, a singer who initially made her name playing with such people as Pharoah Sanders and Sonny Sharrock back in the days of the New York avant garde scene.

Like all Vienna Art Orchestra – tinged projects, this is music which touches and moulds material from an impressively catholic array of sources, yet also creates a form distinctively original.

This is an album laced with a panoply of references; rap, rock, reggae, soul, free improvisation, blues, as well as the vast possibilities opened up by Mitterer's electronic and prepared sounds and Reisinger's eccentric selection of whistles, pips, knocks, scratches and barks.

From the moment the gong and chant announces the opening track, "Three Short Stories Of A Great Politician", the music is immediately arresting. Sharrock mostly raps Star Wars and Ronnie Reagan lyrics over a reggae-inspired bass riff whilst interweaved are aggressively roguish sax lines, manic chants and a fantastic selection of electronic shock devices.

Much of the album is like this; an energetic composite of multifarious musical fragments. It is also full of surprises. The ardent and impassioned "Hymn", for example, sees Sharrock firmly in the love ballad mode, the song's effect lying in its simplicity and lyricism. Yet this is followed by the wit of the short-lived "Alpine Aspects Of World Music", Puschnig's woodlutes being accompanied by a riot of calls, whistles, honks and echoed shouts.

There's lots going on here; this music is

versatile and original. Moers tell me that The Pat Brothers are planning a first visit to Britain soon – if they play with as much fire and intensity live as they do on this set they could be well worth catching. This is an impressive debut.

Philip Watson



JOANNE BRACKEEN FI-FI GOES TO HEAVEN

Recorded: New York, October 1986

Estilo Magnifico: Stardust, Fi-Fi Goes To Heaven, Zingaro, I Hear A Rhapsody, Caliente; De Choro: Terence Blanchard (t), Branford Marsalis (ss, ss), Brackeen (p), Cecil McBee (b); Al Foster (d).

BRACKEEN is keeping heavy company here, yet the strongest personality of the date is her own. I've been impressed by some of her records without finding anything very memorable in them: the first impression of this one, though, is how assertive she is in dealing out the themes. Her four originals here work off a brisk cinetaste, and her piano methods take their cue from the timbre of the compositions. She likes dark left-hand voicings, can be as rhythmically quirky as Jaki Byard or sometimes as suddenly volatile as Don Pullen. The fiery touch she gets brings a new strength to a tune like Jobim's "Zingaro", where her solo is somewhat at odds with the dreamier introduction. She's a witty composer, adding a tag to "Estilo Magnifico" which sends the tune up. The title piece (a dedication to the passing of a favourite dog) has real ingenuity, switching between three different times without any stagger.

There's a slightly brittle, fixed quality to some of the music, as though everyone were trying to live up to grand reputations. Marsalis especially seems a trifle out of it, gabbling his solos; Blanchard is much more on it, walking away with "Stardust", a tune he loves to play. But the rhythm trio is always worth hearing in this mostly very satisfying date.

Mike Fish

VARIOUS ARTISTS PORT OF SPAIN SHUFFLE & CARIBBEAN CONNECTIONS

Black Music in Britain in the Early 50s, Vols 1 & 2
(New Cross Records NC 005/6)

Recorded: London, 1950-55

The Underground Trawl, The Dollar & The Pound; General Election, Ier, Max Smart & Woman Smoother, Federation, Port Of Spain Shuffle, Ugly Woman, Tick! Tack! (The Story Of The Last Watch); King Porter Stomp; Fat Tuesday, Daddy Gone, London Blues, Sightseeing In The UK, Moussette Josphine, Luvetand Market. (Vol. 1) Nora; I Will Die A Bachelor, Rave, More Rave; Breakaway, Mary Ann Calypso; Wad Wad Wad, Calypso Be, Motin Rag, Massa Johnson, Fire, Fire, Trinidad, The Land Of Calypso; Trouble In Arima, Trinidad, Mike's Tanga, Bassing, Kalenda March. (Vol. 2) Various artists, including Lord Kitchener, Lord Beginner, The Roaming Lion, Bill Rogers, George Browne, Tony Johnson, Young Tiger, Lili Verona (v); Cyril Blake, Shaky Keane (t); Freddy Grant (reeds) and such combos as Cyril Blake's Calypso Seniors, The Calypso Rhythm Kings, Frederico's Calypso Band, The Grant-Lyttelton Paso Jazz band, Mike McKenzie's All Stars, The Trinidad All-Stars Steel Band, Shaky Keane & His Highfliers.

"PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED, to know where calypso originated/(rpt)/Some say it came from Cuba, some say British Guiana/Some contend seriously, it was hummed by Moses crossing the Red Sea/But I say, No no, oh no, Trinidad is the land of calypso." The Lion, with orchestral accompaniment, actually a louché swing-calypso throb of some delicacy, explains, with wit and precision, just exactly what has to be understood first about calypso. These two magnificent records fill in a lot of other things.

The simple exactness of this music, its open cheeriness, its honest hope – apart from perhaps leading to its being undervalued – all come together to weigh down the pleasures of retrospective discovery with a corresponding sadness. Post-war optimism, and the thrill of arrival and new beginning must have passed quickly, frozen into the cold hostility of a fast-crumbling nation. At the time – as the extensive and excellent sleeve-notes point out –

there was a free and easy intercultural motion that allowed Britain to become, for all too short a time, the world centre for Caribbean music. The recording studios were here, and a record like Lord Kitchener's *Nora* could sell so well in the West Indies and Commonwealth West Africa that it would influence a generation.

Now, after all this time, calypso's probably become too much a part of adman's cartoon image of certain holiday spots to be totally renewable, but everything on these two records presents new matter to an understanding of Black Music in Britain – including jazz – as well as beginning to unravel a part of the impossibly complicated patterns of influence and cross-trade in music that make the West Indies such a crucial focus. As well as that, there are individual performances so sharp and beautiful as to be of value well beyond the merely archival.

The Caribbean is a fantastically elaborate laboratory of fusion, confusion and transfusion, all concentrated into a tiny area of land. Powerful echoes of African sound and society can explode out of the most straightforward song. Exiled Africans – who decades before had discovered a music out of saxophones and hand-microphones, and who today lead the world in the taming of the DJ's scratch-mix turntable – invented this century's only genuinely new instrument, the Steel Drum. Once again, we've probably heard it hammering out classical pops once too often, but *Trouble In Arima* packs up more than a memory of savanesh marimba in the hammered crystal jangle.

Heating the Grant-Lyttelton Paso Jazz band sliding through Jelly Roll standards points up the Caribbean's rhythm genius

(African arts that had to be relevant the hardest way for exiles to mainland America): but actually these records are extraordinary because something in every song seems to leap out in fierce relief, tying together things we listen for, so differently, in African pop or folk, or British or American or Caribbean. And to close by underscoring the intelligent observation of these often fiercely competitive social commentators, check Young Tiger's brilliant stabs at a nascent movement in far-off 52nd Street: "Dizzy Gillespie is the creator, of this new style in co with Charlie Parker/Coleman Hawkins and Howard McGhee, they all indulge in this monstrosity/they take a major seventh and a flatted ninth, two oo-lia-coos and a half-a-pint/then oo-pa-pa-da, be-abaduo-lia - beebli-oo-bli-oo-bli-oo-bli (etc)."

Mark Sinker

EDDIE DANIELS TO BIRD WITH LOVE

(GRP 91034)

Recorded: NYC, no dates.

She Rote, East Of The Sun, Just Friends, Old Folks, Little Snake Show, Passport, Repetition, Bird Noddy (Cheryl), As Prisoners, Bird Fashions, This Is The Time, Eddie Daniels (cl), Fred Hersch (p, syn), Roger Kellaway (p), John Patitucci (b), Al Foster (dr), Steve Thornton (perc).

JOHN PIZZARELLI, JR SING! SING! SING!

(Stash ST-267)

Recorded: New Jersey, November 1986.

Zing! Went The Strings Of My Heart, I Gotta' I'll Have To Change My Place, I Still Think About You, Kiss Me A Kiss, Couldn't You Read My Mind, Sing! Sing! Sing!, I Was A Little Too Lonely (And You Were A Little Too Late), I Haven't Anyone Told You, The Little, Late Show, The Trouble With Me Is You, Better Luck Next Time.

John Pizzarelli (g, r, v), Bucky Pizzarelli (g), Ken Levinsky (p, syn), Gary Haase (b, dr), Stephen Perretta (dr), Amanda Horn (v), Eddie Daniels (ts, cl).

EDDIE DANIELS made his name on tenor saxophone, but in the past couple of years has flown in the face of prevailing fashion by choosing the clarinet as his main improvising instrument. To *Bird With Love* is his second record utilising only that horn, a straight-ish bebop session to follow last year's jazz-classical fusion, *Breakthrough*.

The album opens with a sparkling run through Parker's "She Rote", in which Daniels plays an exact transcription of Bird's alto solo. The reverent filters through the entire session, but is not always reflected in such a slavish adherence to the originals. If "Just

Friends" and "Passport" get a fairly orthodox treatment, the superimposition of three of Bird's blues lines in the "Medley", and the complete re-working (as a Canon, would you believe) of "Now's The Time", featuring a guest contribution from pianist Roger Kellaway, make more oblique, updated use of the bebop repertoire.

Daniels revels in the melodic and harmonic possibilities of this music, playing with a wonderfully clean precise articulation, and a flexibility and invention in improvisation that could rehabilitate the clarinet as a contemporary jazz instrument, rather than an occasional sideshow with historical overtones. If it sometimes slips into an over-relaxed mode (notably in the Latin treatment on three of the cuts), Al Foster keeps the very tight rhythm section swinging in his usual exemplary fashion, and the whole thing is beautifully played, even if it may lack an edge of real excitement.

Daniels also adds his distinctive voicing (on tenor as well as clarinet) to a couple of cuts on John Pizzarelli's new album, which finds the singer/guitarist in business-as-usual mode, excavating the popular song tradition. It's all engaging enough stuff, but Pizzarelli's rather lightweight voice lacks the sonority to do justice to some of these songs, and he doesn't always make the notes either. There are a couple of gems, though, and it's all done with a characteristic good humour that makes it easy to skip the faults and just swing with the groove.

Kenny Mathieson

WESTBROOK-ROSSINI THEMES FROM GUGLIELMO TELL, LA GAZZA LADRA, IL BARBIERE DI SVEVIGLIA AND OTELLO BY GIOACCHINO ROSSINI

(hat ART 2040 2LP)

Recorded.

William Tell Overture II and III; Thieving Magpie Overture, "L'Amore e Sincero Lindoro", act 1 and 2; Thieving Magpie, William Tell Overture I; Si Crappe Il Pro-Guerrier; Isaura; Tuto Canga; William Tell Overture V.

Lindsay Cooper (sno s), Peter Whyman (ss), Paul Nieman (trb), Andy Grappy (tba), Mike Westbrook (p, tba), Kate Westbrook (v, pcc, crb horn), Peter Fairclough (dr).

EVER SINCE Alex and his droogies roared across the landscape to its strains, it's been hard to hear "La Gazza Ladra" without a wry shiver. The William Tell overture, with its Lone

Ranger associations, is an altogether comfier stem (though I've never been able to foggie or forget Premiata Forniata Marconi's nationalistic *Re magpie* with it).

Mike Westbrook, unquestionably a magpie, is less thievish than bankierly, paying amply over-the-book interest on all his borrowings. This is his most exciting 'collaboration' yet and probably his most successful examination of both scoring and improvisation since *Metropolis*. The line-up is imaginative, with the addition of Lindsay Cooper's snake-charming soprano stroke of genius. Her long introduction to Desdemona's "Isaura" aria from *Otello* sets the emotional pace perfectly for Kate Westbrook who gives it the full hand-wringing Callas treatment. It's not a voice that would do for Covent Garden but then neither was Callas's by any 'pure' standard. Opera, and especially Rossini, needs the occasional infusion of hammy, streetish overkill. The Callas analogy is meant to be descriptive rather than fawning.

Mike Westbrook conjures tangos, waltzes and marches out of the original material, transforming the familiar themes almost unrecognisably. Only the first appearance of the "Thieving Magpie" theme and the inevitable Lone Ranger finale are played at all straight. The rest is full of imaginative twists and turns.

Splitting "L'Amore e Sincero Lindoro" over the end of a side was criminal, except that it gives a moment to draw breath between Kate Westbrook's unaccompanied vocal and Peter Whyman's gorgeous alto solo. Westbrook *mar's* piano introduction is as good a thing as he's done in years, going straight to the heart of Rossini's Barber.

Concentrating, as seems inevitable, on the Westbrooks and the saxophonists shouldn't be taken as faint praise for the others. The brass duo, Messes Grappy and Nieman, performs splendidly, holding together the ensembles and soloing impressively. Peter Fairclough takes an imaginative outing in the "Magpie" variations and elsewhere produces a virtual musicologist's index to the basic tempi and rhythms.

Art Lange's sleeve-note promises "playful suggestions of Ellington, Anthony Braxton and Charlie Chaplin". This is best diagnosed as (justifiable) enthusiasm running away, dish and spoon. Me, I'm down to bravo and bravissimo. There's a studio CD version due at the end of the year, but frankly I wouldn't wait that long.

Brian Morton

HAMPTON HAWES

ALL NIGHT SESSION VOL. 2

(Contemporary COP 0399)

Recorded: Los Angeles, 12-13 November 1956.
I'll Remember April, I Should Care, Windy's Yaw, Two Bass Hit, Will You Still Be Mine, April In Paris, Blue 'N Boogie

Hawes (p); Jim Hall (g), Red Mitchell (b), Bruz Freeman (d).

THE IDEA of cutting 16 tracks for three albums in a single session of a few hours would probably petrify some (or do I mean all?) of today's musicians, whatever their style. And yet the same or similar had already been done by Miles Davis earlier in 1956, by Erroll Garner several times, not to mention 'live' marathons by Art Blakey and others. Hawes's inspiration on this occasion was undoubtedly Miles, as a comparison of the repertoire confirms, and the *Coskin/Relaxin'/Workin'/Steamin'* series is not superior to *All Night Session* as a representation of the performers involved.

Because the Hawes albums were programmed chronologically, you can hear Vol. 2 as one side of relaxing after taking the foothills, followed by a side of storming the slopes leading to the final assault. There is definitive playing from the pianist throughout, but he is particularly aggressive on Side Two where Mitchell also has a run of brilliant solos. Chico Freeman's uncle, like his predecessor Chuck Thompson, is required to swing – purely and simply – which he does as *bristles throughout*. And, while Hall was not yet quite the individualist who partnered Rollins and Bill Evans (and Michel Petrucci), he gets a marvellous feeling of subliminal interplay with Hawes, especially on 'Blue 'N Boogie'. His presence makes me prefer this to Hamp's earlier trio albums, and I think I also prefer Vol. 2 to Vol. 1 (COP 027) while waiting eagerly for Vol. 3 to reappear.

Brian Priestley

ORNETTE COLEMAN
IN ALL LANGUAGES

(Caravan Of Dreams CDP5008)

Recorded: New York, 1987.

Peace Warriors, Fast Music, Africa Is The Mirror Of All Colors, Word For Bard, Space Church (Continuum Service), Latin Genetics, In All Languages, Soared Matador, Mashed Of The Veil, Cloaking
 Coleman (as), Don Cherry (tr), Charlie Haden (b), Billy Higgins (d).

Recorded: Same place and date.

Music News; Mashed Of The Veil, The Art Of Love Is



Happiness, Latin Genetics, Today, Yesterday & Tomorrow, Listen Up, Fast Music, Space Church (Continuum Service), Cloaking, In All Languages, Boopert, Story Tellers, Peace Warriors
 Coleman (as, t), Charlie Haden (b), Ben Nix (g); Jamaladeen Tacuma, Al MacDowell (b); Denardo Coleman, Calvin Weston (d).

THE BEST INNOVATORS, those whose contribution to their chosen field of work is the most enriching, fruitful and durable, are those who are most deeply rooted in the traditions. I would not seek to argue that this need always be so; it just appears to me that it always has been. Armstrong elbowing his way out of the New Orleans ensemble may have been an exception, but the free jazz players of the 60s certainly were not.

With the perspective we acquire as time passes we can see how firmly embedded in the central path of jazz players like Archie Shepp and Lester Bowie always were. Coltrane's career provided a clear illustration of how developments happened, because he used the stage and studio as a woodshed. Trane was unusual among influential players in that although his own style appeared to alter so much over the years, it was in fact fundamentally the same, his original fascination with the chord never leaving him. He was such a tenacious explorer that he got further, faster, than we can comfortably accept from one artist. It is more usual for musicians to remain pretty much the same once they have found their own voice, though they may well find new topics to speak about, develop new accents or even dialects, the language remains the same. Listen to Miles on 'New' from the 1961 Blackhawk Club sessions, and you will be able to hear everything else he did and would do fit together with a satisfying click. This album, subtitled '30 Years Of

Harmonic Music', has a number of tracks that fulfil the same function for Ornette's music. The Quartet record displays Ornette's music to best effect for my taste, but Ornette himself is impressive and unmistakable in both contexts.

Several tunes are essayed by both bands, a device almost as fascinating as the thought of what might happen on a session which combined the personnel. The two versions of each composition are often surprisingly similar, yet I suspect an amalgamated band might not work. It is the overtly blues-based numbers that most effectively demonstrate the links between the two units, and this primitive form strongly strings together the 'avant-garde' and the various styles which comprise the music's main stream. All I've said so far amounts to this: Ornette is a Master, and his oeuvre is a set text.

The exam paper says 'Compare and Contrast'. First of all, as I noted of Prime Time's Camden gig, whatever the intention, Ornette's role in the electric band is central and essential. In the Quartet he is counterbalanced by Cherry, never mind the individuality of Haden and Higgins, although there is still no doubt that the music is Ornette's. But of course, these three musicians helped shape our idea of what Ornette's music is. Secondly, the Quartet is basically an acoustic band, although on this record electronics are used in a few places.

The album opens and closes with 'Peace Warriors', the first version of which, containing a classic Ornette solo, may be less relentless than Prime Time's reading but is more powerful. 'Space Church' by Prime Time is the longest track at 4:34 but does not develop anything much. After this version the Quartet seems to drag the theme out, the

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statement taking up half the track's duration (one of those ensembles where the horns play slow and legato against very fast bass and percussion) but there is a good example of contrapuntal improvising by Cherry and Ornette. Throughout the record the trumpeter is as biting as ever; indeed no member of the Quartet has lost any bite since the Atlantic and Contemporary days. "Feet Music" is a typical Coleman blues on which he uses the tenor for some fat Fort Worth honks. Prime Time gives it a rock and roll feel, and this is one of their most successful tracks, with some effective beat displacements. "Mothers Of The Veil" has Ornette on trumpet with the current band at times sounding like the Decoding Society. He switches back to sax for a fine solo, and although yet again I prefer the Quartet's version with its airy, Middle Eastern feel and an excellent bass solo, this time there's little to choose between them. "Cloning" ends the Quartet disc and is one of those breakneck numbers with the horns' whinnying lines leapfrogging. It's probably the one track where you can mentally hear the Prime Time version superimposing in the joined band I imagined earlier. "In All Languages" is superb in both forms; if anything I prefer Prime Time's ensemble, yet Ornette's solo against Haden's arco is one of the most beautiful passages on either record.

One could play this game for ever; it's fun but fairly pointless in the end. Of the tunes played only by Prime Time "Music News" hangs together best to my ears, "Today . . ." least well (neither group is up to its knees in diatonic tonality but this track, perhaps because it is slow and gives the clash in "keys" time to register as the musicians' lines move against each other, sounds simply out of tune). While "Biosphere" and "Story Tellers" contain some fine guitar. Of the items heard only in the Quartet's disc, "Bird" has some of Cherry's best playing, bright and shiny, sounding as if his trumpet is made of some alloy lighter than brass.

Find room for this album. The Prime Time sides are well worth hearing and contain enough good music, but the Quartet record is, if you'll excuse the pun, Something Else again.

B. Witherden

MIKE ZWERIN
THE BERLIN THEATRE SONGS OF KURT
WEILL
(RCA 6285-2-RB) (CD)

Recorded: New York, 1964.
Sextet of Orchestra USA. Eric Dolphy or Jerome Richardson (sa, bcl), Nick Travis or Thad Jones (t, flht), Mike Zwerin (b), John Lewis (p), Jimmy Roney (g), Richard Davis (b), Connie Kay (d).

I HAD BEEN hoping to hustle Richard Cook into reviewing the re-release of my Kurt Weill album when he invited me to review it myself. My first reaction was, OK, under pen-name cover, call it one of the 20 best jazz records of all time. Well, maybe best 50. Anthony Burgess once did something like that with one of his own novels. An "objective" review would be tacky. Nothing but a rave would do. Did I have the balls of a Burgess?

The answer appeared out of a cloud of Black Bush Irish Whiskey generously blended with miscellaneous remedies - Gonzo journalism à la Hunter Thompson, write it as it comes, no second takes, get it over with and out there and try to explain why I really think this record is one of the best 100 of all time. No bet-hedger, I.

Right. Dive in. I used to have reservations about Eric Dolphy. It sometimes sounded that he just might be playing what the French call *"à l'importe quoi"* with a great deal of panache . . . might be following unexplored cosmic paths of what James Moody once confided to me was a foolproof copout - when you don't know the changes just keep moving chromatically, you're bound to land on a good note sooner or later. Of course this is more difficult than it sounds; the right way to keep moving is an art in itself.

Ed Michel, who supervised the CD remastering, called me to say that he was disappointed that there were no alternate takes of the first side, with Dolphy. Eric could sight-read, worked hard on passages he had trouble with and gave Mozart a good try on flute with Orchestra USA ("Third Stream" they used to call it). The three tunes on side one, on which he appears, required just one take. Sight-read. No rehearsals. Perfect the first time. Three hours in the studio. That's the best side of New York. Eric could do that too. Listen to him play the late parts, unfortunately sometimes mixed too up-front, and written melodies. I'm told by a French collector who knows such trivia that this is the only Dolphy recording on which he does that.

I will jump off the deep end of the not-so-deep Pont Neuf and say this is some of Eric's best playing. Actually, it's my record, but RCA's press releases mention the ruse as "The Berlin Theatre Songs of Kurt Weill, with Eric Dolphy". Never mind, I can't complain, I

ain't no legend.

I can, however, take credit for the fact that the arrangements include melodic lines behind his solos (a trick borrowed from Weill) which refers him to traditional harmony unlike any other Eric Dolphy album. Otherwise, John Lewis' tasty comping anchors Eric's flights into upper partial fancy to what is sometimes laughingly called the "real world". Although after 23 years I still haven't figured out what system he used to find that particular stance to those changes, or how he maintained its incredible consistency, it is entirely clear from this record, like no other, that whatever Eric Dolphy played, it was not *"à l'importe quoi"*.

He died, by the way, some months later, with irony that up to now seems to have impressed only me, in Berlin. Nick Travis, trumpeter on side one, also died before it was bought by RCA - I was the only surviving front line member only eight months later. Another hit of Black Bush, I may not survive this "review".

I laid out the bread for the first side myself after having the idea for years. I had made a demo in Peter Ind's cramped East Side studio. Peter played bass and worked the recorder at the same time, Frankie Dunlop was on drums, Barry Harris, piano - all for demo scale for which if I haven't done so already I thank all of them from the bottom. It was a good demo and Barry Harris burned but nobody was buying.

Then one day while waiting on a windy corner in Boston for Maynard Ferguson to pick me up in his Jaguar to drive to the next one-nighter, I heard the strains of a rock band straining with "Alabama Song" coming out of a record shop. My mouth hung open, my heart sunk, my hair curled, my dick shriveled. How come some dumb rock band could do it and not me?

I decided to put my money where . . . you know. When George Avakian, bless him, sold the tape of the first side to RCA, which paid me back my investment and produced the second, it was under the condition that I include "Mack The Knife", a cliché I had wanted to avoid. So I did the weirdest version I could think of. In many ways, the second side is more interesting. It's calmer but more together. These four tunes took no more than two takes, three and half hours. New York New York. Thad Jones and Jerome Richardson are a big-league team. By the way, this may be the only record in the catalogue engineered by Phil Ramone on one side and Tom Dowd on the other.

For some reason I cannot explain, I've never played better before or since. I wasn't even nervous. It might have something to do with playing with people who are better than you are. Make of it what you will.

I'm not sure how I feel about the alternate takes used to fill out the time necessary for a CD. Alternate takes are alternate because they pose no alternative to the take originally chosen. However I guess one definition of "arriving" in this business is when they start issuing your alternate takes.

I'm also not sure how I feel about that stuff I wrote about my dick but editing it out wouldn't be very Gonzo now would it? How could I ever face Hunter? Or Butters for that matter? Anyway, who said this is a family magazine?

Let me thank Jim Morrison, Gil Evans, whose sound was (is) always in my ear, the girl friend with whom I was breaking up at the time, my mother and Jesus Christ for providing the energy to make this record. I should also thank Woody Herman, who did not hire me after a five-day audition, for giving me the time. And I unreservedly endorse The Old Bushmills Distillery Company for their inspirational aid today.

Hugo Hackenbush

PIERO MILESI

THE NUCLEAR OBSERVATORY OF MR NANOF

(Cuneiform, Rune 7)

Recorded: Milan, 1985, 1986

Mr Nanof's Tango; Tom Thumb; Between The Scale And The Apple; Scene Of The Madman; Waiting For The Fire; My Dad Had Two Moosies And Two Daddies; Graffiti; Towards The Time In Front Of The House; The Precursor; Three Fingertones; The Brand; The Rhythmic; The Star; The Presence Of The City; The Waterfall. Mario Arcari (lyrics); Daniela Bozzolo, Carlo de Martino (vlna); Mauro Righini (vlna); Silvio Righini (cllo); Ellada Bandana (dr); Walter Morelli (dr); Paolo Brunelli, Piero Milesi, Alberto Mompellio (kybds); on 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, Piero Milesi (kybds), on 11, Alessandro De Curtis (pt. Riccardo Sinigaglia (trebled v).

PFS

ILLUSTRATIVE PROBLEMS

(Cuneiform, Rune 6)

Recorded: Mobius, March and June 1986.

All Bach'd Up; Cool Circus; Horrores; White Boys No Rhythm; Baiser Kauter; Illustrative Problems; Cold Shower; My Nice From Pittsburgh In 1992; 23rd Hour; Nicht Schuldig; Amsterdam.

Scott Brazier (p, syn, tapes); Herb Diamant (ts, bn, quinquaphonics); Garry Pueri (perc, road jacks, noises); Craig Fry (vln on "Nicht Schuldig").

A BLIND TEST on a musically literate sample yielded 100% conviction that "Tom Thumb" was by Philip Glass. However, if Se Milesi is guilty of undue influence then the sin, like the housemaid's bastard – and the track itself – is only a very little one.

Side one of *The Nuclear Observatory Of Mr Nanof* is dominated by the long orchestral "Mr Nanof's Tango", a piece that clearly reveals Milesi's abilities as an orchestrator. The lyricism commands much of the melodic foreground but there is sufficient interest in the interplay of strings and keyboards to keep it from becoming unduly rhapsodic.

Like everything else on the album – subtitled "music for films, videos and fireworks" – this was originally a soundtrack piece (in this case for a Paolo Rosa film; most of the rest are for Giulia Ciniselli's *The Operative House*). Mr Nanof's identity, real or fictional, isn't clear and the only clue is given by the album cover which features a graffiti ("Invisible man armed with cathodic buckle") found in the courtyard of the judicial mental hospital at Volterra. Sounds the kind of thing Duchamp once or Duck Whall now might have got into. As Milesi handles it, there's a poignancy Glass wouldn't countenance, even if he might be tempted to put his stamp on some of the melodic material. If it's minimalist at all, it's a very lush minimalist.

The shorter pieces on side one (including "Tom Thumb") work less well out of original context. Without their images, they give an impression of being short, detached exercises in style. The longer pieces on the second side, written for an Epiphany fireworks display, "Kings' Night" and for a University of Architecture of Milan video "The Presence Of The City" are more successful for being more fully developed. They show Milesi doing with computer-abetted keyboards what he clearly does so well with a number of instrumental voices.

The mixing of pieces of different origin and purpose, while making some sense as a piece of record programming, does tend to obscure the original conceptions (and more information about Mr Nanof would have been welcome). It also betrays a sameness in Milesi's writing which is bound to disappear as he grows in confidence. There's every indication that confidence is justified.

PFS is the rum of the very interesting Cartoon, who split in some confusion a while back. The smaller unit, still led by keyboard man Brazier, offers greater scope for the kind of palimpsest music they favour, building up a

deconstructed counterpoint on a patchy erased idea. "All Bach'd Up" builds on a fragment from *Die Kunst Der Fuge*, treated in a way that would make Jacques Loussier's beard fall out.

Brazier has a gift for using "found" materials in a highly effective and imaginative way. "Bach'd" also uses a 1950s radio shot for Raybestos Manhattan. "Busker Keaton" begins with authentic cinema piano and then gets stoneface serious as the tech takes over. "23rd Hour" has a Max-Headroomed Ronald Reagan wondering how we're going to pay for it all (clever stuff, but check out Daryl Runswick's "Looney Tune: the wit and wisdom of . . ." for a more sharply subversive re-run of White House gibberish).

The surface is a woolly patina of synth and woodwind scrubbing relieved occasionally by something more lyrical. Most effective is guest PFS-er Craig Fry's violin solo on "Nicht Schuldig" which comes in on a rape of (the sleeve says) the Nuremberg Trials (don't they mean *Railroad*? AH had already eaten leaden death by trial-time, spoilsport bastard that he was). "Haruspex" reverses the process, gazing into the entrails of Tchaikovsky's most saccharine symphony – *numero six* – behind an unsweetened, low-fat, high-fibre beat.

Two intriguing cuts from one of the most enterprising of the younger labels in the new music scene. Learn your tunes.

Brian Morton

SHANNON JACKSON

WHEN COLORS PLAY

(Caravan Of Dreams CDP85009)

Recorded: Fort Worth, Texas, 12–13 September 1986.

When Colors Play; Sweet Orange; Good Oceans; March Of The Pink Wallflowers; Blue Midnight; Green. Here To Go.

Eric Person (ts, as), Zane Massey (sa, ts); Cary Demers, Masuya (g); John Moody (b); Jackson (d).

SHANNON is finding a convivial home at CDP. This is his second album for the label and already there are two more on the way. Considering what a fine, evolving player he is, it's a welcome development.

Jackson's sleeve-note reveals that most of the pieces were composed while he was wandering alone in West Africa. After the hi-tech mass and muscle of *Desade Yawriell*, there's a certain leniency in these tunes: "March Of The Pink Wallflowers" is a benign whirlwind, with the martial rhythm underpinning an harmonic

sequence of a sunny disposition. But Jackson has always written enticing melodies. The real progress here is in the focusing of the Society's energies. The music is built in vertical layers (a resource the drummer might have taken from Cecil Taylor), a refinement of earlier structures. Here the dynamics are contained but thrilling. "Blue Midnight", for all its dark intensity, is really a slow and thoughtful piece; "Green, Here To Go" a sinister see-saw that seems to lurch among the instruments. "Sweet Orange" grows from a simple figure of melody into a grand exposition of the band's talents. Massey and Person are never at a loss among the fearsome rhythms; Denagris and Masujaa are energy players with a joyful, irreverent touch.

Underneath, Shannon writes his ever-changing, ever-multiplying rhythms. No leader could be closer to his group's music. Five stars, if we had them.

Mike Fish

DETAIL/DETAIL PLUS NESS

(Imperius IMP 28509)

Recorded: Oslo, 2 March 1986 & London, 1 July 1986

Not Part One & Two.

Frode Gjerstad (ts); Johnny Dyani (b, stn), John Stevens (d).

Ed; Post Rambling; Preamble; Horns Nise

As for Ness, plus Bobby Bradford (c), Harry Beckert (tr); Courtney Pine (ts, f, bc).

It's NO DOUBT an affront to the effort put into these two records by the fine musicians involved, but time permits no more than a cursory glance with this one.

The first record is occupied by what sounds like a brace of unedited extracts from an unusually reserved trio improvisation by Gjerstad, Dyani and Stevens. Together they last for 51' 21". This is a long time on anyone's watch and given the performances' low-key elements the attention is constantly under an obligation to drift in and out. Mostly out.

As Gjerstad goes to sleep on his own particular shape, a very polite dissemination of the energies of Ayler and Brotzmann, and Stevens shuffles quietly on the sidelines, the main action is left to Dyani. We'd come to expect nothing less than the most passionate intensity from the man who made such burning, personal statements as *Song For Biko* and *Born Under The Heat*, and sure enough he



works his way through most aspects of the modern bass grammar (as well as some that don't fit quite so readily into the dictionary, such as his imitation of a jews-harp) with the usual vigour. But the distance of his companions leaves him too wide an area to cover with any thoroughness and he summarily succumbs to the faint air of detachment which hangs over the performance. For all the simplicity of its content this is hard music to accommodate.

The larger ensemble assembled for the second record holds out promises of a return to a more incisive territory, but the titles of two of the four pieces here are ominously forewarning. "Post Rambling" and "Preamble" are exactly what they say they are, two quiet strolls into a hazy middle-distance that leave the participants suspended in a neutering indeterminacy. Courtney Pine calms his youthful high spirits on "Ed" to work on a shy examination of Eric Dolphy's techniques, and the ensemble parts on the limpid "Harmo Naco" are charming enough. But at the last all this music ends up in pretty much the same place as that on the first record. Which is nowhere in particular.

Tony Herrington

EDWARD VESALA LUMI

(ECM 1339)

Recorded: Helsinki, June 1986,

The Wind; Frost Melody; Carlyle Ballads; Third Moon; Love; Early Walk; Fingers; Early Messenger; Together.

Esko Heikkinen (t, pcc), Tom Bidlo (bn, tbn); Pentti Lahti (as, bs, fls); Jorma Tapio (as, clt, bc,

clt, fl), Tapio Rönne (ts, as, clt, bc), Kari Haila (ts, ss, fl), Ivo Haila (p, harp); Raoul Björkenheim (g), Tarmo Vainio (acc); Hala (b); Vesala (d, perc).

FINLAND'S No 1 Richard Brautigan look-alike very nearly blows it all away with "The Wind", a rather chill "tone-poem" that is heavy on mood and atmosphere but a shade lacking in the kind of imaginative thrust we expect from Vesala.

Fortunately, the bulk of the album, co-produced by Vesala and Kaiser Manfred, is superb, well up to both the drummer's and ECM's high-water mark. Each piece, most notably "Lumi" and the Vesala/Tomasz Skamro collab "Together", is full of melodic ideas, brilliantly scored. The band don't solo as such (and the doubling and trebling of some instruments would have made it awkward naming the guilty men) but emerge dub-like out of the mix, re-emerging without a ripple. Vesala, who's perfectly capable of holding the attention over two sides of solo percussion, is completely self-indulgent, even diffident. Solo material always introduces new information, almost as in a stretched-out form of *klangfarvenmelodie*. There's some excellent guitar playing from Björkenheim, and effective use of both the rubs and the accordion.

If it seems a bit heavy on the saxes and woodwinds, these are guys who are as well coached and self-disciplined as any ensemble players in Europe. Neither Eicher nor Vesala would permit even a suspicion of mush. Vesala wouldn't open the door to solemnity, either — a tango in reindeer boots, "Fingo" dances tongue in cheek rather than cheek to cheek.

Loves it, all.

Brian Morton

PETER SCHAERLI QUINTET SCHNIPP SCHNAPP

(hat ART 2037)

Recorded: Zurich, 5-7 May 1986.

Swag; RAF's Das Heute Nicht, RAF's Das Morgen Nicht/Ballade Pour Un Prince; Venezia; After Tschernobyl I; Schnipp Schnapp; After Tschernobyl II; Pelzstern/Magic Walk/Schoenfeld.
Schaerli (fltn), U. Hans Koch (bcl, ts, ss); Giancarlo Nicolai (g); Thomas Duerni (b); Marco Kappeli (d).

WHEN COLEMAN Hawkins recorded his one solo feature on Max Roach's *We Insist! Freedom Now Suite*, it was found on playback to contain a single "mistake". The engineer offered to splice out the offending squeak. "No, don't," replied the saxophonist, "when it's all perfect on a piece like this, there's something very wrong." It's a sentiment whose implication is obvious enough and one which would probably be readily embraced, although not necessarily as a defence mechanism, by the musicians involved on these two records.

Programmatically, and in this respect it's not that different to Roach's LP, *Schnipp Schnapp* draws its subject matter from the "imperfectness" of events immediate to the time of recording. The glimpse of Armageddon presented by the disaster at Chernobyl was only days old and hat ART's hermetically-sealed studio lay directly under the path of the weather system that was to play pack horse to the explosion's subsequent fall-out cloud. But while the titles to pieces such as "After Tschernobyl" and "Venezia" (Venice: "... while the fumes still stand upright, the masonry behind has ... fallen into decay ... All ready for the end?") might smack of apocalyptic dilettantism, the second piece suggests that these Europeans are not just tapping into oblivion with artists' licence but actively pointing us in the direction of a radical means of avoiding it: RAF is the acronym for the Red Army Faction, a sub-stratum of the Baader-Meinhof organisation, and the title translates as "What you do not accomplish today, you do not accomplish tomorrow", a slogan apparently favoured by German graffiti artists who share that group's revolutionary doctrine.

This is serious stuff for sure and the kind of concrete intention of an otherwise ambiguous music that seemingly went to the wall the day Albert Ayler forsook 'art' for 'populism' (Paul Rutherford's work accepted). But if the high profile afforded the sentiments behind it presents the listener with a rare opportunity to approach a "traditionally" unrepresentational

form with a singular conception, a saving touch (of irony?) is thrown up in the small print where it is revealed that, "these recordings were made possible due to the financial support of the state and city of Luzern, Switzerland (and by) a grant from the Swiss Bank Corporation".

Using the infrastructure of the state in order to bring about its own demise? Or that same infrastructure absorbing dissent so as to nullify its threat? These seem pretty big questions to hang on a mere art form, and one that's as inconsequential, with regard to its scope for a wider influence, as any, subversive or not. In that respect we should perhaps take note of the dictum imposed on the music by Charles Fox in one of his less portentous moments: "What really counts is how [it] sounds, whether it works for the listener."

That, at least, is in some doubt. It's never perfect, as you may have gathered, but at times it comes uncomfortably close to being so. As introduction and coda, "Smog" is almost there, the barely audible signals of a world on the brink drifting aimlessly over Thomas Duerni's orisinous pulse, and the stamping of a violent guitar line into a placid mainstream chart on "RAF's Das Heute Nicht ... " throws up a painfully appropriate image. Elsewhere it slips into vacane doodling the way all this music seeros to nowadays and some of the solo spots sound like blatant tokenism, or an overly generous allocation of studio time. But on the whole these players occupy their respective spaces well enough, Koch and Nicolai especially providing refreshingly considered slants on instruments that have long suffered under the thumbs of some of the more farouous members of this fraternity.

Much the same, I suppose, as everything, which probably brings us back to the point where we came in.

Tony Herrington

ERROL PARKER TENTET LIVE AT THE WOLLMAN AUDITORIUM (Sahara 1014)

Recorded: Wollman Auditorium, NY, 12 April 1985.

The Dancer; Lament; Chega De Saudade; Barbab; The Taste Of Love; Three Blind Mice.
Wallace Roney, Graham Haynes (tr), Robin Eubanks (tb); Doug Harris (ss); Steve Coleman (as); Bill Saxton (b); Patience Higgins (b); Rory Stuart (g); Kevin Harris (b); Errol Parker (d).

THE MOST IMMEDIATELY striking aspect of the Tentet's music is the way in which Parker puts his drums upfront throughout, playing alongside the soloist rather than behind him. Parker turned from piano (he can be heard solo on that instrument on his *Tribe To Theonissus Monk*, Sahara 1012) to drums, as the sleeve-note explains, in order to experiment with this kind of rhythmic interplay, deriving from African models.

The Tentet has a wide enough spectrum of tone and timbre to prevent it becoming overly insistent, and boasts enough good players to rise to the challenge of Parker's persistently polyrhythmic (bringing a necessary edge to Jobim's "Chega De Saudade") and bitoral (setting up a dissonant ensemble counterpoint on the simple melodies of "Lament" and "Three Blind Mice") approach to his arrangements, with guitarist Rory Stuart, who proves a supple soloist on "The Taste Of You", filling in for the 'missing' piano.

It all falls most convincingly into place on the opening cuts on either side, both up-tempo pieces in which the respective horn players are given their head over some furious ensemble work. Wallace Roney and Doug Harris dominate "The Dancer", improvising together after Harris has played a tough, sinuous soprano solo. On "Barbab", tenorman Bill Saxton steps up front and produces a blistering solo that for once edges out the drummer, who can only sit back on the cymbals and wait for a space when it is all over. Steve Coleman gets his chance to shine on the hyper-bossa nova of "Chega". There is a lot of good work emerging from such medium-to-big ensembles these days, and Parker's band produce more than enough to leave me wanting to hear more.

Kenny Mathieson

TONY BENNETT JAZZ

(CBS 450465 1)

Recorded: New York or Las Vegas, 1954-1965
I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me, Don't Get Around Much Anymore; Stella By Starlight; On Green Dolphin Street; Let's Face The Music And Dance; I'm Thru With Love; Solitude; Lullaby Of Broadway; Dancing In The Dark; I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart; When Lights Are Low; Just One Of Those Things; Crazy Rhythms; Judy; Give Me The Simple Life; Street Of Dreams; Love Scene; While The Music Plays On; Close Your Eyes; Out Of This World; Just Friends; Have You Met Miss Jones?; Duetty Boy; Sweet Lorraine.
Bennett (v), with musicians including Nan Adderley (tr), Stan Getz, Al Cohn (as); Herbie Hancock (p);

Ron Carter (tb), Elvin Jones, Art Blakey (dj); The Count Basie Orchestra.

"I USED TO sing with Al Cohn in Astoria and work weekends as a singing waiter, and I really felt that if nothing else happened I'd be completely happy for the rest of my life." Something else did happen, and Tony Bennett became a great American singer. Plenty of jazzmen have a soft spot for Bennett, and he loves the music. Is he a jazz singer?

Perhaps he's a transitional figure — between the great crooners of the swing era and the cooler stylists of the late 50s. Bennett's voice is a huge, swinging instrument, and he has no trouble in front of the Basie band on a showstopping "Lullaby Of Broadway". Yet the ballads here are as tender as anything Tormé or London could do. Nobody has sung "Have You Met Miss Jones?" and caught quite the same chuckle-headed flavour which Bennett finds, and which works perfectly for the lyric. He swings with the beat on fast numbers and lolls back on it on songs like "Just Friends". And he has a master's way of conveying different moods in the same course of one song. On Hoagy Carmichael's "Judy" has voice manages to coax out each contrasting emotion in the lyric.

Many good players on this compilation: Gets hums sweetly through four tracks, Art Blakey drums him through "Just One Of Those Things" and Bobby Hackett plays ukelele on "Sweet Lorraine". But this is Bennett's set, and if you have this and the two superb albums with Bill Evans you have a classic singer at his peak.

Richard Cook

STEVE COLEMAN AND FIVE ELEMENTS WORLD EXPANSION (JMT 870010)

Recorded: New York, November 1986.
Desperado Move; Steve Bass Jr.; Mad Monkey; Drums State; Tang Lang; Yo He, And They Parted . . . ; In The Park; Just A Funky Old Song; Urdas Thane; To Perpetrate The Funk; Kusons Koji; Tyler's Base; Graham Haynes (tr); Robin Eubanks (tb, v); Steve Coleman (as, v); Mark Johnson (dj); D.K. Dyson, Cassandra Wilson (v).

CRAIG HARRIS AND TAILGATERS TALES SHELTER (JMT 870008)

Recorded: November–December 1986.
Africans Unite; Shelter Suite; Shelter; Solway Somers; Son Of Swollen Hands; Three Hats And A Cat; Shelter



(reprise): *Bagg And Rag; Coats; Reminiscing, Sound Sketches.*

Edward E.J. Allen (tr); Craig Harris (tb, dj); Don Byron (cl, bcl); Anthony Cox (b); Pharoah a.k.a. (id); Rod Williams (p on "Africans"); Tunde Samuel (v on "Africans" and "Shelter").

PLAYERS LIKE Coleman and Harris have so much that they want to do, so many settings that they want to play in. Their records are always like interim reports on visions-in-progress: which is just as it should be, but no guarantee that they'll be records you'll want to listen to very often. When the strategy is built on trying just about anything to see what fits, there's bound to be plenty of music that's wide of the mark, even when the players are as stylish and super-competent as the ones on these LPs.

Shelter gets off to a slow start with "Africans Unite", a raggedly simple exhortation. But once into the long "Shelter Suite", the strengths of the band start to emerge. Dedicated to the plight of the world's homeless, the suite is programmatic — the bustle of "Subway Scenarios", the sombre minor melodies of "Swollen Hands". It's ambitious in a small sort of way, and that's how Tailgaters Tales sound. Byron might be the most interesting player here, partly for the novelty of his being a clarinetist; Allen leaves no special impression, and while I enjoy the smears of Harris's style, he never seems to go quite far enough. His writing has a doleful streak which doesn't really suit such assertive players: "Reminiscing" is merely maudlin. Cox and a.k.a. work hard — the time is always changing, but to no special purpose. Many fine moments, though, keep cropping up — it's a typical first LP.

Stefan Winter's anemic production doesn't assist, and sound is the problem with *World*



Expense. Coleman's band isn't trying anything that Defunkt didn't do, but they're much better players. The music of "Desperate Move", say, is in thrall to the leader's idea of superb funk, peppered by the alto and trombone improvisations, but if it's all going to stand up to the black rock sound coming out of mainstream American studios then it has to pack a hard, radio-directed punch. This doesn't.

The LP keeps stumbling over its short tracks, like the eastern chords of "Tang Lang": all very interesting, all in keeping with the world expansion, but they destroy the flow of the record. Still, this is a dense, committed mixture of a number of styles, and Coleman and Eubanks are awesome musicians. When the alto breaks through to the front of the mix, the music spits into life. After all, it's not as if anyone's talked Coleman into making music like this against his will.

Richard Cook

FREDDIE HUBBARD LIFE FLIGHT

(Blue Note BT-85139)
Recorded: New York, 23 & 24 January 1987.
Battisaur Galarica; A Saint's Humming Song; The Molting Pot; Life Flight
FH (tr) with *Stanley Turrentine (ts); George Benson (g); Larry Willis (el-p, syn); Wayne Bratthwaite (el-b); Kiki Muhammad (d, rmb); *Ralph Moore (ts); Larry Willis (p); Rufus Reid (b); Carl Allen (dj).

LIKE WINSTON Churchill in his famous French-language gaffe, when you look at this album, you see it is neatly divided into two parts: an electric funk side with Blood, Sweat & Tears alumnus Larry Willis, superstar George Benson and Stanley Turrentine; and an acoustic jazz side featuring Horace Silver's tenor player, Ralph Moore.

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The opening track, "Bartlescar Galatica", is the better of the two funk tracks: smart contributions from Benson and Turrentine precede a strident, fiery effort from the leader, packed with pyrotechnics — promiscuous sprayings of notes interspersed with typically percussive roots. "A Saint's Homecoming Song" has a big backbeat and a far horn sound whose initial appeal palls very quickly, though Hubbard's 'dirty' solo and Turrentine's R & B-drenched tenor are worth investigating.

Side two features two Hubbard originals played by an excellent energetic band in top form. Willis, in particular, is much more interesting on acoustic piano — his pedigree (he's played with Jackie McLean, Stan Getz and Cannonball Adderley) at last showing in some contemplative playing perfectly complemented by flaring solos from Hubbard and moody efforts from Moore. And there's a bonus: as usual for a Cuscuna Blue Note album, the production is absolutely faultless.

Chris Parker

WORLD SAXOPHON QUARTET LIVE AT BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC

(Black Saint BSR 0096)

Recorded: 6 & 7 December 1986

One Waltz/Tone; Great Peace; Kind's Up; Paper Works; Open Air (for Tenney); Georgia Blue; Hammer Bluet (bs, alt cl), Julius Hemphill (as, ss), Oliver Lake (as, ss), David Murray (ts, bcl).

KÖLNER SAXOPHON MAFIA DIE EISERNE NACHTIGALL

(Jazzhaus Musik JHM 28 ST)

Recorded: Live 30 November 1986 and in studio, 1 & 2 December 1986

Cos Belle (bss-Bass); Das Narrenschiff; Arns; Las; Die Eisernen Nachigall; BB-V; Café K.O.B.; Kautzer Nr 2; For Four Instruments.

Joachim Ulrich (ts, clt, bcl), Gerhard Veeck (as, ss, bcl, fl); Norbert Stein (as, ts); Armin Tretter (as, bs, cl, alt cl, fl); Wollie Kaiser (ts, bcl, chs cl, picc fl).

HORN WEBB SIXTEEN

(Ladder Rang 001)

Recorded: Sheffield, Winter 1986-87.

Perfect Light And Cat Bells; Axaxaxas; Flute Bad; Mandarin Jaws; Cardinals; Zircon Over Shanghai; Oslo; Martin Archer, Derek Shaw, Nigel Manning; Vic Middleton (reeds, fl), augmented by 12 other musicians in various combinations.

In 1984, John Litweiler was lukewarm about



the World Saxophone Quartet: their music "does not fulfil the promise of these four individual talents". The Brooklyn set, recorded less than a year later, must be his Emmaus, for here any sum-of-parts arithmetic must surely, finally square out. The parts are most clearly and impressively on show in the long Murray composition "Great Peace" which, apart from a brief ensemble coda, is unaccompanied solos, I'd guess the running order is Lake, Bluiett, Hemphill, Murray but henceforward such considerations seem irrelevant with group playing of the highest order.

Most of the writing credits go to Hemphill, who has forged a mature style compounded of Ellington's hybrid of concert- and folk-musics, and a more consciously modernist manner derived ultimately from Ornette Coleman. The presence at opposite extremes of Bluiett, a latter-day Carney, and Murray guarantees the tension necessary to ward off any slickness. It would take a better ear to unpick some of the wilder chords in "Open Air", a ravishing performance, and in "Georgia Blue". Both of these are seamless, near-perfect. Bluiett's "Paper Works" leaves more space for soloing — on the high horns — with the "our" instruments chording away behind. (The Kölner Saxophon Mafia attempt much the same kind of thing on their title track but with somewhat variable results.)

Any hint of strain, or of uncertain direction, in the WSQ has gone. Like, if it is always Lake I'm picking out of the background, is as impeccably well-mannered as always, mapping out the terrain for the others, every line unambiguously scripted, the legend clear at a glance. The Brooklyn Academicians and their guests cheer it to the echo.

Die Eisene Nachtigall takes a marked turn

for the better with the live cuts ("Leo" onwards). One mafioso quality not much in evidence is the guild silence of *assurto*. In the live setting, with a rougher edge and a greater emphasis on themes and solos, there's less problem, but in the first two or three cuts, they're giving each other away like the witches in *The Crucible*, stumbling over each other's lines, muddying up the sound. It may be that the extra horn is sufficient to cloud the ensembles but it does seem that, unlike the WSQ, the Germans go for a very uniform vibrato and timbre. At full tilt, as in parts of "BB V" and "Café K.O.B.", they sound like a fully quorate coven but most of the time there's one witch too many in the kettle.

Nor the least of the problems haunting sax groups is a kind of novelty jokiness, bred in part of the need to vary the diet in other than musical ways. Both WSQ and KSM seem to have absorbed successfully a lighter-hearted spirit into the fabric of the music without any essential compromise. In both, the line-up is substantial and well-inflected enough not to require external back up.

If Hornweb have a failing, it is excessive seriousness, a vice that can lead — perversely — to skittishness. Of the three, this is the only wholly studio-recorded album and the basic line-up is reinforced with a battery of string and percussion. While there's no doubt this lends a certain seriousness to the proceedings, it's at the expense of any unity either of mood or execution.

It starts with every promise. "Perfect Light And Cat Bells" uses the basis quartet with the addition of Paul Shafi's double bass and some dapples of metallophone from composer Archer. "Axaxaxas" and "Ooobe", from Archer and Saw respectively, are both large-scale, episodic and largely unmemorable. "Mandarin



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Compact Discs

One searches in vain for a CD house-style. The fact is, all CDs really do as reaffirm the label's already-set modus operandi. So for GRP, for instance, the CDs come over exactly as the vinyl does: tasteful, carefully proportioned, beautifully executed. It's up to you how 'soulful' the music is. I can't find much soul in David Benoit, for instance, but *Firehouse At Midnight* (GRD-9545) is certainly a well-crafted display of mood-fusion, recorded in Hollywood. More brittle and energetic is *Light Years* by the Chick Corea Elektric Band. Corea's confusing role in music — does he really enjoy this constricted form as much as his acoustic work? — isn't resolved by a set which is probably his sharpest and best-focus electric record in years. Short, pungent tracks, and Eric Marienthal does some suitably Sanbornish alto. I wouldn't buy either record on vinyl, but — here it is — in the luxurious, easy-access software of CD they're agreeable enough to slip on of a lazy morning/afternoon/evening.

The advantage of ECM CDs over vinyl is hearing the sumptuous silence of Manfred Eicher's studios. Of course, ECM vinyl is usually quiet anyway, but the out-of-nowhere sound of the music on CD can be pretty wondrous. Their *Spectrum Vol 1* sampler (831623-2) is a generous (67 minutes) dip into the catalogue and works very capably in its own right.

Four new releases merit longer appraisal. Edward Vesala's *Lumi* (831517-2) is reviewed elsewhere this month. On LP or CD, this fabulous session is one of the records of the year. Terje Rypdal also returns to his most thoughtful form with *Blue* (831516-2): with Bjorn Kjellemyr (b) and Audun Kleive (d), the guitarist turns down his rockier leanings and delivers his sparse, most emotive set since *After The Rain*. Bass and drums play big and brutal when they have to, but the misty layers of "I Disremember Quite Well" or Rypdal's classic dying-seagull sound in "Last Night" suggest more than the old motions. Maybe even better is *Wz Begun* (831621-2), enchanting music by Mark Isham and Art Lande. Isham's trumpet is sombre and faultless, Lande's piano a platform of crushed velvet with some discreet synthesizers and percussion it should be a spotlessly dull record, but the



themes are so concentrated and elegant that it turns out to be compelling.

Last is *Making Music* (831544-2) by rabia player Zakie Hussain, with John McLaughlin, Jan Garbarek and flautist Hariprasad Chaurasia. Occasional longeurs in the more extended tracks, otherwise some tranquil and absorbing music in a seamless meeting of east and west. "Tom" is a ballad that everyone has a brief turn on, McLaughlin coming on like Ralph Towner, and Garbarek is at his precise best in "Anisa" and "Sunjog".

Blue Note are building up a domestic CD catalogue, though so far the releases have been a bit puzzling. Some of the CD titles haven't appeared on vinyl reissue yet, like Dexter Gordon's *Gottin' Around*, his rarest Blue Note. Hank Mobley's *Dipps* (CDP 746511-2) is very collectable: "The Dip", a sort of damaged 12-bar, works up a superb head of excitement on Billy Higgins's beat, and Mobley and Lee Morgan take some roistering solos. Nothing else is quite as good as that, although "I See Your Face Before Me" is Hank's ballad slyle at its most shaming. A world away, though using the same instrumentation, is Joe Henderson's *In'n Out* (CDP 746510-2): Joe, Kenny Dorham, McCoy, Richard Davis and Elvin batter through five originals. The title track is a searing, off-centre display, though the record seems to calm down as it goes on.

What Blue Note nuts want to know is — is CD sound as good as an original? Does a silver disc beat a West 63rd? There might not be much to choose, and anyway how many of us

can lay hands on West 63rds of these dates? I compared my Japanese pressing of Wayne Shorter's *Adam's Apple* with the new CD (CDP 74603-2). The compact had the slightly recessed feel that they tend to impart, but in other respects the soundstage felt wider, the cymbals a touch crisper. Both sounded good. On the other hand, the CD had a bonus: "The Collector", hitherto only available in an obscure Japanese version, and a great track. Several other Blue Note CDs have bonus cuts. Well, you decide.

Just arrived, 20 CDs in Phonogram's *Compact Jazz* series. No time or space for details; most will have to be dealt with next time. But here are, perhaps, the five choicest of these compilations. Stan Getz (831 368-2), a useful stack of the bossa nova period; Dinah Washington (830 700-2), a tremendous package of mostly the mid-50s jazz sides, with terrific sound; Gerry Mulligan (830 697-2), an interesting cross-section of some of his Mercury dates, with Mulligan's quirky piano on "Blues At The Roots", the fastest-ever "Bernie's Tune" and a marvellous "Makin' Whoopee"; Bill Evans (831 366-2), three from *Conversations With Myself*, two from Montreux, all well-chosen; and Sarah Vaughan (830 699-2), the Divine One (is she fed up with that?) on a patchy but mostly uplifting set of standards. All 20 are very well packaged, with all personels and dates listed in full, and each has about an hour of music.

RICHARD COOK

Jam" pairs sheng with Richard Parrott's guitar, "Zircon Over Shanghai" is multi-tracked wood flutes, both from Mr Manning.

"Cardinals" is the one piece of real interest on side two. An imaginative variant on the wind quartet – soprano, soprano, clarinet and tenor – is joined by Cagey prepared piano and three, count 'em, electric guitars. The effect is reminiscent of Gavin Bryars' "Squirrel And The Rickety Rackety Bridge", once – or rather twice – performed by such luminaries as D. Bailey, F. Frith and B. Eno.

On the back cover, the saxes pose like aliens at a post-landing news conference, while Hornweb scowl shaded in the background like minders on weekly money or 'representatives of a national newspaper'. Unfortunately, this is also how the music sounds. Martin Archer looks to have struck up something with a friendly soprano. If he could get the others to relax a bit, Hornweb could be superb.

Brian Morton

DON LANPHERE

STOP

(Hep 2034)

Recorded: New York and Seattle, August 1983, April 1984, January 1985.

New US Music, Stop, Body And Soul; A.L.C.; There's No Yes, The Prancer, Laura, Still Will. Lanphere (s, ts); Jon Pugh (t); Marc Seales (p); Chuck Deardorff (b); Dean Hodges (d) or Lanphere (ss, ts); Jon Pugh (t); Don Friedman (p); Jeff Fuller (b); Ignacio Berio (d).

ERNIE KRIVDA

TOUGH TENOR RED HOT!

(Cadence Jazz Records CJR 1028)

Recorded: Cleveland State University, 24 November 1985.

Pandemonium Hook, Second Of Five, All The Things You Are, The Archduke Sings, Sarah's Theme. Krivda (ts); Chip Stephens (p); Jeff Halsey (b); Joe Brigrandi (d).

It's REMARKABLE, but even now the Tenor Saxophone Fraternity is sharply divided. On the right are the descendants of Coleman Hawkins. Full-bodied, they are structuralists who stamp their authority on every chord; every passing tone, every harmonic nuance is duly noted in their vertical approach to improvisation. To the subversive left are the Lester Young-ites. They work from within, subtly re-shaping the melody over the tops of chords, playing only what they want, when they want. Although Don Lanphere and Ernie

Krivda subscribe to the basic ideologies of the left and right respectively, these quite different musicians are inextricably linked simply because they have shaped and refined original voices on either side of the stylistic divide.

Lanphere is a melodist. He works comfortably within a comprehensive saxophone technique that's quietly been expanded since his charter days in be-bop with the likes of Fats Navarro and Duke Jordan. A summation of his style is contained in "Body And Soul" and in "Laura", where he rhythmically and structurally shapes the familiar harmonic outlines into creations of spontaneous organisational logic. He's a craftsman who suffers the not-uncommon fate of a job well done seldom exciting attention, perhaps fitting rather too comfortably into the litany of bebop – a fate he clearly does not deserve.

In contrast, Ernie Krivda's robust technique embraces angular note choices, fast fragmented lines and a welcome blast of energy. Working at the limit of his brick-hard style, he's a structuralist to the far right who incorporates side-slipping and harmonics into a craftily updated conception. His regular working group – a distinct advantage – confidently sail through his 3 original compositions, and excellent "All The Things You Are" and a reworking of "Autumn Leaves" (called "Sarah's Theme"). The originals sound like an extension of Krivda's improvisational style, and keep the band on their toes with their odd construction while giving the composer some knotty problems on which to work-out. Not for the faint-hearted, Krivda proves there's still plenty of life in be-bop and modal jazz, and deserves to be heard in a world awash with aspiring tenor saxophonists.

Stuart Nicholson

JACK WALRATH & SPIRIT LEVEL KILLER BUNNIES

(Spotlite SPJ LP25)

Recorded: Wokingham, 12 & 13 May 1986.

Snapdancer, A Study In Porcine, Krivda Sunday Morning, Killer Bunnies, Duke Ellington's Sound Of Love, Four Freedoms, Dustbiter.

Jack Walrath (t); Paul Dunmall (ss); Tim Richards (p); Paul Anstey (b); Tony Orrell (d).

THIS RECORD is the first vinyl evidence of the pairing between Bristol-based Spirit Level and Mingus' longstanding trumpeter Jack Walrath – a combo which toured here in 1986 (when

this was recorded) and again recently. Walrath takes to Spirit Level's big, generous, sweaty music like a duck to water.

Spirit Level are obviously pleased with the resurgence of interest in hard bop – they've been testifying to its joys since the late 70s. The legacy that interests them is less the sleek, linear style that inspires someone like Tom Scott than the turbulent, pretty music of the Roach/Brown/Rollins Quintet or Freddie Hubbard caught live and ragged in the mid 60s. This is maximum punch jazz: the trumpet assertive, the sax bellowing with feeling, the keyboards percussive, the bass independent. Unafraid to be crude and noisy, they're an exhilarating experience: the studio sound is raw and live.

Walrath has written most of the tunes, and they're cunningly organised: the conventional from-the-top-down order of solos isn't adhered to. The title track surprises with a staccato piano section, "A Study In Porcine" lurches into a piece of free provocation that's truly arresting. On trumpet Walrath moves from Booker Ervin wails to busy, muted chattering and Spirit Level are with him on every note.

Paul Dunmall has been in the States, playing for Johnny "Guizar" Watson and Alice Coltrane. His tenor is garishly melodic, revelling in the group's slabs of noise, ever able to lift off into a characteristically European freedom: as if Spirit Level are re-rooting the avant garde in the blues, McCoy Tyner's anchoring left hand (to which Tim Richards is no stranger) – the black ecstasy that baptised the movement. What chaos there is emerges from a love of sound rather than a hatred of syntax.

The musicians are adept at slipping slightly out of time to make their contributions more distinct. Mingus used discs, he said, to make a small group sound larger – Spirit Level do that rhythmically. The result of this daring looseness is, surprisingly, space rather than mud, a broad cinematic scope of multi-activity. Though Tim Richards' "Dustbiter" is simpler than Walrath's compositions, it's a convincing vehicle for his spattering drive. Like Last Exit, Spirit Level use the devil-may-care slapdash of free music (compare Han Bennink or Joachim Kuhn) to shake up their chosen genre.

A last point. I hope it's Spotlite who are to blame for the tacky, misconceived cover – certainly the music isn't smugly voyeuristic of its object of desire – the bop is hard and dirty, involved and involving.

Ben Watson

ISSUES STILL AVAILABLE:

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- *9 ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO, Andrew Cyrille, Trevor Watts.
- 12 AVRO JAZZ, Laurie Anderson, Cecil Taylor, Chris MacGregor.
- *14 HARRY BECKETT, John Surman, Mike Westbrook, Annie Whitehead.
- *15 PAT METHENY, George Benson, Derek Bailey
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WIRE MAGAZINE

Fast Licks

MILT JACKSON: Brother Jim (*Pablo 2310-916*). The vibes master works through a mixed set of standards and originals (recorded in New York in May 1985), using varying combinations of instruments, from his remarkable unaccompanied solo improvisation on "Lullaby Of The Leaves" through to a septet featuring guest Joe Pass, Harold Vick and Jimmy Heath play an unusual soprano sax duet on the latter's "Sleeves", but it is Jackson who dominates the session, still exhibiting a superb ear for rhythmic nuance and colour tones.

Kenny Mathieson

CHRIS HUNTER: same (*Atlantic 7 81673 1*). Husky hi-NRG R'n'B from the man who once had the temerity to spoof a Bob Dylan cover. Most recently seen in the alto chair of the Gil Evans Monday Night Ork, Hunter trades a couple of originals, "Scrolling Down To Beazuo's" and "Good Clean Fun", with a ver-ray so-so "Georgia On My Mind", Otis Redding's "Respect", Stevie Wonder's "I Can't Help It", Prince's "Purple Rain" and, gulp, "America The Byoooful". Guitarist Hiram Bullock (also a GEMNO man) steals much of the thunder and Miles-man Darryl Jones beefs up his share of the bass lines. Some pointlessly under-recorded singing. And what was the "concertmaster" doing? Sleeping? Or'll give it fo'ee. Out of thirteen.

Brian Morton

DAVE FRISHBERG: Can't Take You Nowhere (*Fantasy F-9651*). Solo piano and vocals by the world's greatest deadpan humorous songwriter. Classics such as "My Attorney Bernie" and the title-track receive a welcome airing to the accompaniment of the Frishberg stride-style piano (though I guess the former is even funnier to people like the audience at the Great American Music Hall who do have attorneys). My main reservation is that (as he'd readily admit) Dave's voice is not quite Mel Tormé's (nor even I fear Chet Baker's) and is not suited to lengthy solo exposure. Better in a band context (as on his LP *Getting Some Fun Out Of Life*), or why not let someone else do the singing?

Andy Hamilton

HELEN HUMES: Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do (*Contemporary COP 037*). Humes was a great stylist, like her Basie colleague Jimmy Rushing capable of jazz or blues or both at once. Not all these 12 jazz standards are equally suitable for her, but she is in good Humour (sorry!) on what was her first LP. This 1959 date is also notable for the instrumental contributions; Benny Carter is heard on trumpet only, but directs proceedings with great informality so that both Teddy Edwards and trombonist Frank Rosolino get a chance to shine. Why, even Andre Previn sounds in the pocket.

Brian Priestley

COUNT BASIE KANSAS CITY SEPTET: Mostly Blues . . . And Some Others (*Pablo 2310 919*). A good Basie small group from less than a year before he died. Nobody hogs the make but everyone plays to win, probably because of trumpeter Scooby Young, making a nice change from Harry Edison who usually partnered Lockjaw Davis. The third Basie alumnus is Freddie Green, and it's particularly nice to hear him behind an on-form Joe Pass. Roy McCurdy makes less of a change from the expected Louie Bellson and is too prominent in the mix. But Basie himself, not called on to stretch his failing powers too much, has a lot of fun and was always a brilliant accompanist.

Brian Priestley

NANA VASCONCELOS: Bush Dance (*Antilles AN8701*). Considerably more technopop than Nana's earlier solo from ECM, this could be one of this summer's most persistent visitors to the turntable. The mighty percussionist humanises the DMX, overdubs himself into a little chorus and orchestra and invites a select few to join in the fun. The brevity of the tracks means that no groove overstays its welcome and it adds up to a nice multi-lingual cocktail from a great rhythm man.

Richard Cook

DOCTOR UMEZU BAND: Eight Eyes And Eight Ears (*ITM 0012*). Do we have Kondo to thank for this? Probably. Him and Laswell. If IMA have gathered together the brittle strands of a dozen Materials and wound them tight, then Doctor Umezumi Band, fellow countrymen, have picked up as many again and strung them

right out so they touch on every reference point you ever stumbled across. Try Last Exit bombed on saké, a hi-tech Tympani Five and Albert Ayler as a member of The Yellow Magic Orchestra for starters and you'll get some idea of the fun you can have with this one. File under "E", for "Eyes", "Ears" and "Everything". Open.

Tony Herrington

ENRICO RAVA QUINTET: Secrets (*Soul Note SN 1164*). The most attractive effort I've heard to date from the Italian trumpeter. The lack of warmth in his playing has been ameliorated, though the addition of pianist John Taylor to the band for this recording reminds us that this is still the European "cool school". Augusto Mancinelli with a range of effects impresses on electric guitar. An interesting set of Rava originals, plus the wonderfully fluid drumming of US exile Bruce Dirmus (who guides the band through complex Mungus-like fluctuations in tempo and feel) make this an album worth attending to.

Andy Hamilton

ARTIE SHAW: The Indispensable Vols 5 & 6 (*RCA NL89914*). Wraps up the reissue of Shaw's Victor sides in this series. The attempts to turn big band commerce into high art by this sound might sound a trifle camp to modern ears, but the unsentimental attack of Shaw's own clarinet usually pulls the music round. Also on hand throughout are Roy Eldridge, Dodo Marmarosa and the youthful Barney Kessel, and the final Gmarmet Five sides makes a quirky variation on the chamber-jazz approach. Another bargain in this exemplary series.

Richard Cook

COLEMAN HAWKINS & HENRY ALLEN: Vol I: Wathorses (*Jazz 10*). A frequently rowdy session from 1957, but with Red, Hawk and J.C. Hugginbotham on hand there's a ticket to some delightful music. The title says most of it - these tunes were hackneyed even then, so it's down to the executive finesse of the horns that they turn out this well. Once they get the daft theme of "Maryland My Maryland" out of the way, for instance, the music becomes light and springy.

Richard Cook

Another bonus from Wire Magazine

One of this year's major albums must be the *sensational* new waxing, *Twilight Dreams*, from LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY — one of the initial releases on Virgin's exciting new label, Venture. And we have 50 of these contemporary classics to **GIVE AWAY** in this month's competition!

All you have to do is: answer the **S I M P L E** question below, send it (the answer, not the question) on a postcard to the address shown — with your name and address — and then sit back and *sweat* it out. The first 50 correct cards that we pick out of the pile on **FRIDAY 21 AUGUST** will each get a copy of the album express mailed to the lucky winners!

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ERNIE WILKINS: *On The Roll* (Stephane SCS 1225). Wilkins has always written within the conventions, producing over the years a vast number of charts, a lot of which seemed to me pretty forgettable. Not having his own band he was generally working to limits set by others, and this didn't help. Here he's got a freer hand with an international 13-piece outfit, a decrease in scale from the conventional format which seems to allow a lot of air to flow through the voicings. It includes a fine rhythm section (Kenny Drew, Jesper Lundgaard and Ed Thigpen). Wilkins breaks no new ground but his writing manifests considerable skill and subtlety: there are shades of Ellington (and/or Strayhorn), a moment reminiscent of the great Ray Nance, a pure boink-boink-boink Basie derivative and a version of "Loverman" that wanders off into no-man's-land. Best of all is an alleged direct tribute to Duke where everybody comes on just like the 1944 Herman band. It's an attractive

album, perhaps a reflection in maturity of how it was and how it might have been.

Jack Cooke

MOE KOFFMAN: *Moe-Mentum* (Duke Street DSR 31036). AKA Five Guys Named Moe? ... well, there are five of them but that's not quite the scene here. Koffman and his associates glisten with competence, and once in a while something more than that, but this Canadian group tends to play it too safe to be consistently interesting. There's a lot of Latino rhythms and yards of flute, and that's a pity. For on the occasions when Koffman picks up his alto and sets it against straight time he displays a rather intriguing, reedy sound and a somewhat old-fashioned, swing-era momentum which lurches into the post-bop rhythmic patterns established by his support to create a degree of unpredictability which jerked me out of the torpor induced by

previous tracks.

Jack Cooke

DAVID FRIESEN: *Inner Voices* (Global Pacific Records QW 40718). David Friesen's music apparently comes to us courtesy of Big G; hitherto, this has not intruded overtly on the listener's experience — records like *Amber Skies* were straight ahead jazz, Friesen's muscular bass enhanced by the likes of Motian, Corea and Moreira. *Inner Voices* however is more reflective, spiritual even: a trio album (Jeff Johnson on synths and Paul Horn on flutes) with some overdubbed percussion, it mixes originals with "standards" such as "Amazing Grace" and "O Come O Come Emmanuel" — the latter a masterpiece of clarity and understated emotion. Although the record occasionally lapses into excessive etherealism, Friesen seems to have found a fruitful and original New Age niche.

Brian Glasser

XERO SLINGSBY

Continued from page 20

Nevertheless, electricity isn't shunned. "It's impossible to have a group with a totally acoustic bass and get a big sound — working with Velocette, he's such a loud, powerful drummer, it's vital that I'm miked up. I do think you can get really terrible sounds out of amplifiers, but you can also get extremely good sounds."

He's not into expensive CD-oriented synthesizers, though.

"All my electronic things are made of junk — well, all my stuff's made of junk, except my bass clarinet."

DESPITE XERO'S hostility towards guitars, to rocked-up jazz ("I never liked any fusion at all, didn't like Miles Davis, didn't buy any of his fusion records") the Works' music is accessible to people brought up on rock — how come?

"I really wanted it to be when we first got the group together. Everybody was doing these 30-minute saxophone solos, really long cadenzas all by themselves. Really boring. So we decided the thing was to play no longer than a single — three

or four minutes — and give people time to clap. I like to keep the whole thing homogeneous and not a star with a rhythm section. So I thought, that's a manifesto that seemed to work — people appreciated the gap between each short piece."

The 70s hostility towards brevity — Led Zeppelin boasting that they didn't release singles — really misconstrued the function of melody. Ornette is crucial here because he kept alive bebop's idea of the omnipresence of melody where hard bop tended to reduce the tune to bookends for a series of solos — a tendency that finished in the jazz-rock cul-de-sac. Xero likes a tune.

"When I'm playing I feel quite jolly. It's like Le Douanier Rousseau — I really like him — really ridiculous-looking cats and tigers, absurd tigers in stupid unbelievable jungles. I feel like that. If we're playing a blues, which is basically a minor thing, I quite often stick major things right across it and move the whole thing up a semitone. The effect is like 'Somebody's Gone Wrong' with a capital W, but I really like that."

He isn't keen on the habit of clapping

individual solos, though (unlike those dreadful free music evenings when a genuine resolution is forever being thwarted by some determined squeak-squeaker after the event) he does recognise that an audience likes to clap.

Having at last acquired the long-wished-for bass clarinet (soon to be unveiled) Xero plans another band to supplement the Works, with his bass clarinet, a trombone, an E flat bass tuba and Alan Wilkinson on baritone — "do things like the theme from *The Money Programme*. I've got a piccolo as well (when I get it fixed) for light relief, and Louis has got his pocket trumpet."

For fellow cohorts Xero cites the Shuffle Demons from Toronto (apparently they play *The Flintstones* theme ...), Willem Breuker and BIM, Han Bennink, Blurt ... he puts in a good word for Loose Tubes. As far as Ghent is concerned, the Works have arrived — there's a metre-by-metre photograph of them hanging over the door of the Cafe Dambré — it'll be worth your while checking them out to find out why. It's about time Leeds' best-kept secret was let out of the bag.



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